

THE DICTIONARY

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1844.

THE YEOMEN OF OLD ENGLAND.

The opinion that the world has been gradually growing worse and worse, that nature herself is deteriorating, and that feebleness and decay are in the course of progression amongst us, is an opinion that prevailed extensively in former times, and possessed even minds of singular acuteness and vigour. The scholar will remember with what inimitable grace this strange opinion is referred to by Horace in one of his most enchanting lyrics, and how deeply it tinged the philosophical speculations of later Greece.

To combat an opinion which probably had its origin in some dim tradition of the fall of our first parents, Archdeacon Hakewell wrote his admirable "Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World." In this singular work, the excellent old divine expatiates with delightful quaintness on various important questions that have now for long ceased to interest the public—questions "touching the strong physic which the ancients used," and "touching the length of the duodenum, or first gut," said to have been in the Greeks twelve inches long, but, in these degenerate days, hardly

four. He establishes, conclusively enough, that the human race is not less prolific than of yore, citing, in proof, the epitaph of Dame Honeywood, of Charing, in Kent, who had at her death 367 children descended from her, and another of a woman in Dunstable church, "who bore, at three several times, three children at a birth, and five at a birth two other times."

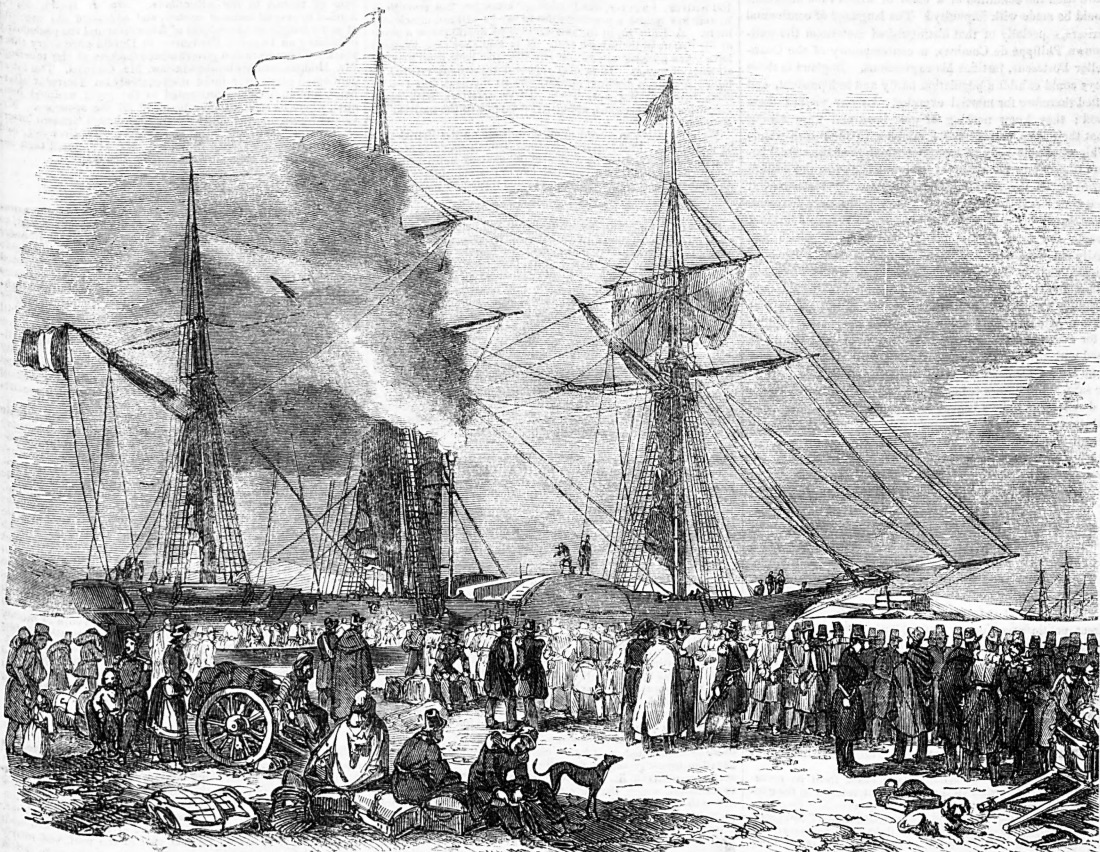
The depreciation of external nature, except so far as it is a result of moral causes, may safely be dismissed as one of the "babblings" of a vain and principle-lacking philosophy—offspring of imperfect observation and over-weening credulity. A larger subject presses itself upon our attention: we seek to learn, not why men are not so stalwart, so robust, so powerful as were their ancestors, but why they are less happy, possess less comfort, enjoy less recreation—why they work harder and reap a less reward?

Look at the graphic sketch which Latimer has given us of his early years—of the grave and reverend home where his childish spirit received its first impressions of piety and love:—

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only

he had a farm of three or four pound by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able and did find the king an harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place where he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that he buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath Field. He kept me at school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the King's Majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles a-piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours; and some times he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the same farm; where he that now hath it payeth sixteen pound by the year or more, and is not able to do anything for his price, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

The father of the great John Selden, one of the most distinguished scholars and eminent public men of his day, is described by Aubrey as having been "a yeomanly man of about forty pounds a year." By trade he was a wheelwright, and is supposed to have eked out a scanty subsistence in the exercise of his skill as a musician. The public schools in those days afforded facilities to the children of the poor, which are now denied them. The *pauperes et indigentes* scholars, in whose behalf those magnificent establishments



THE DEPARTURE OF THE FRENCH TROOPS FROM MOROCCO.

were founded, must seek in humbler academies the means of instruction; the national school comes in succour of those for whom William of Wykeham and John Lyon so liberally provided.

Selden was sent to the Free School of Chichester, where he obtained an exhibition to Hart Hall, Oxford. The son of the poor Sussex wheelwright obtained the advantages of the best education Europe, at that time, could afford the most lordly of her sons. It was, indeed, for the poor, that the collegiate institutions at the universities were formed, and the wise policy of the church of Rome ever sought for her ministers in the ranks of the indigent but independent and upright yeomanry of England. The son of a Hertfordshire gardener ascended the throne of St. Peter; and the brother of a humble ploughman was the celebrated statesman Grosseteste, the patriotic bishop of Lincoln. In much later days it could be boasted, in the words of an old writer, that "all honour in England came a *Marte* or *Mercurio*—from learning or chivalry, from the pen or the pike, from priesthood or knighthood." The path to greatness was open to every one; and some of the proudest blood which runs in the veins of our nobles owes its source to the sound-hearted, industrious yeomanry of Old England.

It was they who, on many a battle field, sustained the fortunes of the day, and showed the mettle of their pasture. It was they whose vigorous arms were felt by the foe

At Crecy red and fell Poitiers;

and it was they that ever approved themselves the pride and strength of England—"her ornament and guard."

Sir John Fortescue, chancellor to Henry VI., gives a full description of this class, who, according to him, were rich "in all the necessities and conveniences of life." He adds that "they drink no water, unless at certain times, upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance with all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty everywhere. They are clothed throughout in good woollens. Their bedding and other furniture in their houses are of wool, and that in great store. They are also well provided with all other sorts of household goods and necessary implements for husbandry: every one, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy."

If it be urged that there may be some exaggeration in this statement, we cannot, perhaps, well deny it; but what must have been the condition of a class of whom such assertions could be made with impunity? The language of continental writers, especially of that distinguished statesman the well-known Philippe de Comines, a contemporary of the Chancellor Fortescue, justifies his expressions. England in those days could exhibit a population hardy and independent, and fitted therefore for martial exercise. Labour yielded them food; they knew nothing of poor-laws, and were willing that their own hands should minister to their own wants. This admirable body of men, the "pillars of the state," began to decay in the reign of Henry VII., when the pasture farms began the most largely to increase. "Inclosures, at that time," says Lord Bacon, "began to be more frequent, whereby arable land, which could not be manured without people and families, was turned into pasture, which was easily rid by a few herdsmen. . . . This bred a decay of people, and, by consequence, a decay of towns, churches, tithes, and the like." In the vain hope of checking the evil, a statute was passed, by which all houses of husbandry that were used with twenty acres of ground should be kept up "for ever," and that a competent portion of land should be used with them. The object of this statute may be guessed from Lord Bacon's statement of its results. "By this means," he says, "the houses being kept up did of necessity enforce a dweller, not to be a beggar or cottager, but a man of some substance, that might keep hands and servants, and set the plough on going. This," he adds, "did wonderfully concern the might and manner of the kingdom, to have farms, as it were, of a standard sufficient to maintain an able body out of penury, and did in effect amortise a great part of the lands of the kingdom into the hold and occupation of the yeomanry, or middle people, of a condition between gentlemen and cottagers or peasants." These were indeed the objects, but scarcely the results, of the measure.

The reason of its failure it will be our business to state. The decadence, by degrees, of the class it sought to secure, it will be our part to trace in another paper. We seek to direct public attention to those great social and political wrongs which have degraded the yeomanry of Old England; and we are assured that it is only by incessantly directing public attention to the subject, that there is any chance of justice being done to the unhappy population, doomed to incessant labour without reaping its reward.

PEACE BETWEEN FRANCE AND MOROCCO.—RE-EMBARKATION OF TROOPS.

The *Herald* published the following letter from its correspondent at Gibraltar, dated on the 14th instant, relative to the conclusion of peace between France and Morocco. In consequence of the battle of Isly and the bombardment of Mogador, the Government of Morocco listened to send full powers to the *lieu de Tangier*, and to beg the French to open negotiations for a pacific and friendly arrangement. The Prince de Joinville, assisted by the sincerity of such dispositions, went with all his suite and to Tangier, and with the Duke de Glücksberg and the French Consul, M. Nyon, went on shore, and was received with all the desired honours and distinctions by the Moorish

authorities, and even by the Pacha himself. Some difficulties appeared, but they were overcome by the co-operation of the British Minister Plenipotentiary, Mr. Bulwer; and at length we have learned officially, and with general satisfaction, that all was arranged, the French Prince having the generosity to content himself with his first demands, viz. the regular demarcation of the frontiers of Algeria and the internation of the famous Abd-el-Kader; but on condition, that if he in whatever time should return to make war upon or disturb the French, these should be permitted in such a pursuit him until he was exterminated, in the same manner as the Moors. To this it appears is limited the arrangement made, without the French having endeavoured to avail themselves of their favourable position to demand any repayment for the expenses of the war. The re-embarkation of troops from the island off Mogador was an artistic subject, and as such it has been selected for our pages.

FOREIGN.

EVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT IN SPAIN.

The following intelligence has reached London:—

Paris, Tuesday Night.

Prince de Joinville arrived at Cadiz on the 12th inst., with a part of his squadron.

Information was received at Perpignan on the 23d, that a revolutionary movement had been made at Carthage; that similar movements were discovered in many parts of Catalonia; that the authorities had taken measures to suppress them; and that the Director of the Posts, the Director of Customs, and one of the Judges of Mataro, had been arrested.

SPAIN.—It is said the health of the Queen of Spain is in an alarming state, so much so, that Queen Christina has taken precautions to secure the regency for herself during the minority of the Infanta Luisa Fernanda. It may be that the march of troops for Navarre is not unconnected with the health of her Majesty, as her death at the present moment would, it is said, cause a general rising of the Carlists.

TAHITI.—A letter, dated Valparaiso, May 31, says:—"I write in haste, as a vessel sails to-morrow morning." Mrs. Pritchard and family arrived here this afternoon in great distress and trouble at not finding her husband at this place. Tahiti is still in a dreadful state. The French seized Mrs. Samson, the Queen's cousin, taking her for the Poitane, took her on board the *Uranie*, which they thought was their mistake. She also stole a man's wife, and took her on board a frigate; eight of her relations stormed a fort and killed 20 men. The French say the fort was stormed by 300 natives, who killed 2 men and wounded 5, losing 15 of their own. In another instance, the Tahitians killed 60 of themselves, besides 100 muskets and 16 old guns, mounted on cocoa-nut logs, but taking two pieces of artillery from the missionary, who were conducted to a pass by Henry, son of the missionary. The Tahitians were led by two Englishmen, who were killed. The French have been awfully handled, having lost altogether upwards of 400 killed and wounded, amongst the former six officers, one of whom is the first lieutenant of the steamer, which, it is said, when going along the shore, killed upwards of 100 natives; however, the French governor has had enough of it, and has issued a proclamation, saying he will not attack any more. A Tahitian, in the last agonies of death, threw a stone at M. Druat, which missed him. It is said they (the French) have taken a lieutenant of the Hazard, and have been playing 12 sorts of games. It is also reported the troops refused to fight; seventeen deserters were shot, but six were not, but the other being caught were shot. These deserters, with some English and Americans, are of great service to the natives."—*Palmouth Packet*.

We have again to record another outrage on the British flag by the Moors. Her Majesty's steamer *Sydenham*, on approaching Rabat, was saluted by a shower of cannon balls, which so damaged the vessel as to compel her to put into Gibraltar for repairs. This is stated to have occurred on the 2d instant.

Paris, Tuesday.

The "Monitor"—the most solemn and grim of all newspapers—has announced to the universe at large, and to France in particular, that Marshal Bugeaud, in honour of his recent victory over the army of Morocco, has been created Duke of Isly. The promotion has been generally talked of as a capital joke. It will appear strange and even ridiculous. It is true, that, in this country, the way to get a man laughed at is to give him a title. Titles are no longer in fashion—they have had their day; and people have learned—or professed to have learned (it amounts to the same thing)—to despise them. A simple "Monsieur" is just as much respected, just as much respected as the haughtiest count or most pompous duke that ever stood in shoe leather. In England an earl or a duke would always be looked upon with a certain sort of respect, even though a dolt, merely because he is a duke or an earl; but in France the title goes for nothing at all—nobody regards it. To make them, the Marshal Bugeaud a duke, is to give him a pretty name for people to laugh at—that is all. His dukedom, *per se*, will not give him a seat in the House of Peers; for in France a man may be a peer without a title, and there are a very great many men with titles who are not peers. It is surprising that so justly celebrated, so highly distinguished, as the Marshal Bugeaud, should have accepted the title of duke, when all titles are considered fit things for ridicule. But, to be sure, it was the only thing the ministers had to give him, for he had already attained the very highest rank in his profession.

All, or nearly all, is arranged for the King's visit to England. Marshal Saut is expected, in the course of a few days, in Paris, to resume his duties at the Ministry of War, and on him will devolve the weight of the government during the King's absence.

Though this is not the reason for news of the *salons*, yet the last week has given birth to an adventure, which has made very great news. A Russian nobleman arrived in Paris about twelve months ago, and after assuming himself most joyously for some time to be a Frenchman, and to be a very good and beautiful countess, who occupied a lofty position in the Parisian *beau monde*. A warm acquaintance was soon established between them, and the Russian began before long seriously to meditate the perpetrating of matrimony. One day, however, he entered his apartments suddenly, and found a sweet absence, and there to his astonishment found his beloved mistress busily engaged in investigating and reading the most confidential and secret contents of his *secretaire*. He of course demanded an explanation, which the lady gave by pleading jealousy and the necessity of knowing the truth about the Russian. The Russian was plausible enough, and was accepted. Three or four weeks after, however, the Russian received an imperial order to return instantly to his own country. Before obeying it he implored the lady to marry him, but she refused, and only gave him a cold answer. A bitter hearted man, he then sought the advice of an experienced and venerable countryman. Inquiries respecting the lady were instituted, and the result of them left no doubt that she was a paid agent of the court of

Russia, that her attachment for the Russian had been merely assumed to enable her to get at his secrets, and that her period of his letters was of course for the same object. Luckily the Russian had carefully abstained from mixing himself up in political matters, so that nothing could be alleged against him. But imperial orders are not to be trifled with, and so he had no alternative but to return to his own country. Such is the tale which is gossiped about in the *salons* of Paris that are open at this dull and dreary season. I do not, and cannot, vouch for the truth of it; but it is not improbable, for during my long residence in Paris I have always understood, on what has appeared to me to be good authority, that a system of the strictest espionage is kept up by the Emperor Nicholas over such of his subjects as he permits to come to this capital, and that his agents, who are most liberally paid, are of both sexes, from the highest to the lowest. Their artfulness and cunning are such, that there are very few things indeed likely to interest their imperial paymaster that escape them. What a weight must hang upon the poor Russ, when he reflects that go where he will, do what he will, he is watched; and that, even in his moments of pleasure, there are spies on the alert to ascertain if in any thing he says or does there is not matter to be twisted to his prejudice.

A picture of Louis Philippe swearing to the charter has just been placed in the library of the Hotel des Invalides, opposite one representing Napoleon on Mount St. Bernard. It has been the Empire and the Emperor. It is not to be understood as if they do not understand each other. The Emperor's "don't," Lord Palmerston, according to the newspapers, has arrived in Paris. The "National" reminds its readers that, four years ago, the noble lord threatened to make Louis Philippe a duke of the "National" think, by the by, that his lordship has come to Paris to carry the threat into execution? CHATTERBOX.

IRELAND.

"The national banquet to O'Connell and the rest of the liberated martyrs," to use the words of the advertisement, took place on Thursday night at the Music Hall, Dublin, which was more with a view to the admission of so many than the comfort of all. Covers were laid for about 800, and, as the hall was crowded, it may be supposed that about that number sat down to dinner. The attendance from the provinces was comparatively trifling, and scarcely entitling the *reunion* to be regarded as a demonstration of national feeling. About a similar number of the fair sex (in full dress) filled the galleries. The hall was brilliantly lighted, but very slightly decorated, and the only inscriptions were (over the chair) "Remember the 30th of May, 1844," opposite to it, "The Repeal of the Union," and at either side, "Peace and Perseverance," "Lords Denman, Cottenham, and Campbell." The dinner was cold, and many complained that it was scanty, but of the wines there seemed to be rather too great a profusion, judging from the scenes which occasionally required the interference of the stewards.

THE REPEAL ASSOCIATION.—The usual weekly meeting at the Conciliation Hall was held on Monday. Francis Cumyn, of Woodstock, Esq., M.P., in the chair. Mr. John O'Connell handed in several sums of money, and passed the usual vote of thanks to the subscribers. Mr. J. Kelly, M.P., handed in several sums of money, and addressed the meeting at some length on the subject of federalism and the probability of holding an Imperial Parliament in Dublin once every three years. There were two government reporters at the meeting, Mr. Hatters, and his brother, and the latter, a young gentleman came over quite unexpectedly on Thursday afternoon, and immediately proceeded to the great national banquet, where he took copious notes of all the speeches. Mr. O'Connell brought over with him from Sir James Graham letters of introduction to the Attorney-General, Mr. Brewster, and Mr. Kemmis, the Crown Solicitor. Mr. O'Connell then announced that the Repeal rent was 600*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

SCOTLAND.

It is said that the Queen has expressed a desire to take a permanent residence in the Highlands, and to leave a forest, to which the court might make a pilgrimage every year, in order to afford Prince Albert an opportunity of enjoying the noble sport of deer stalking. Her Majesty, it is said, has also directed her agents to collect and make inquiries respecting the diseases which are most prevalent in the Highlands. Sir J. Clark has, we believe, drawn up his report, in which it appears that the Highlands have obtained a clean bill of health, with the exception of a fever, arising from a prevalence of epidemic; but there is every reason to hope that her Majesty and Prince Albert, and even the royal children, might escape the infection, notwithstanding her Majesty's avowed propensity for Athol brouse, a very pleasant composition, which consists of barley, whisky, and tinned *potatoes* of water.

GLASGOW.—CLEVER CASE OF SWINDLING.—A respectable citizen, in the oil and colour trade, was waited on last Thursday by an Englishman of venerable and genteel appearance, who represented himself to be from the house of Messrs. Macintosh & Co. of London, the eminent waterproof manufacturers, and stated that he had a commission to dispose of for the sale of a liquid capable of rendering cloth of all kinds waterproof. Having described the articles, and mentioned the conditions, he upon which the house was willing to deal with an agent, he then presented the gentleman the commission, and furnished him with a printed note of the terms, which were to the effect that Messrs. Macintosh & Co. would allow 1*s.* of commission upon every bottle sold. The gentleman, thinking the matter not out of the way, and satisfied with the respectable appearance of the house named, at once accepted the agency, which was forthwith to be advertised in the principal Scottish newspapers. On being requested, moreover, he rashly advanced a sum of money to the stranger to account of future transactions, there being left with him an ample stock of specimens of the marvellous liquid. Soon after the Englishman had been placed, the newly-appointed agent proceeded to test the virtue of the liquid, when to his amazement he found it to contain nothing better than coloured water, and himself to be minus the sum advanced.

PROVINCIAL.

SUFFOLK.—INCENDIARISM.—The spirit of incendiarism has again manifested itself by a farm, in the occupation of Mr. Silverstone of Saxham, being fired on Saturday evening last in three places. Between the hours of seven and eight, the granary, which was situated in the distance from the dwelling-house, was discovered to be on fire at one end of the roof. Owing to great exertions on the part of those who had been alarmed, they, by taking off that part of the roof, had been succeeded in extinguishing it, when some of the men placed a bucket from Bury St. Edmunds arrived at the spot as quickly as possible, but were unable to save two large bean stacks (one of which was of this year's growth), a stack of barley, and a quan-

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lity of barley rakings. We understand this last makes the third incendiary fire that has taken place in this parish within the last fortnight. It is generally thought that these fires are but the forerunners of another season of conflagration, consequently the approaching winter is looked forward to with corresponding alarm and uneasiness.

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SANDGATE.—MELANCHOLY DEATH.—Last Thursday week, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock at night, the ringers were practising in Newington church, near Sandgate, when one of the bells being pulled over, its unfortunate ringer, Edward Maycock, was thereby drawn up, and his head coming in violent contact with the ceiling of the belfry he fell to the basement so dreadfully injured, that he died in about half an hour afterwards. — *Maidstone Gazette.*

METROPOLITAN.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, OXFORD. The annual orations were delivered by the senior scholars, according to a custom which has prevailed for many years in connection with this ancient institution. Until within the last two years but two orations were delivered in English, the others being in Latin. The oration was delivered in Latin by the two senior Grecians, and the hospital was enabled to send but one scholar annually to college. The oration recently in English has been much enlarged and contains many interesting facts and figures. The orator, Mr. Thompson, who, we believe, contributed the sum of 2000*l.* with the view of founding three additional scholarships for the pupils of Christ's Hospital. Twelve orations are now delivered annually, six in English and six in Latin. The oration in English was delivered by the senior Grecian, Mr. L. T. May, having taken his seat at the top of the hall, and everything being in readiness, the Grecians proceeded to deliver their addresses in the following order: a Latin oration by the senior Latin scholar, Mr. G. C. Greaves, an English one by Morton Amos Leicester, first Grecian; a Greek oration by Edward Taylor Hudson, third Grecian and classical medalist; and a French one by Edward Taylor Hudson, eleventh Grecian; all upon the same subject, and all of them very interesting and full of valuable information for the benefit of the royal scholars. The three first-named of these gentlemen are proceeding to college: the first to Queen's College, the second to St. John's, and the third to Trinity College, Cambridge.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Edward Carter, one of the masons' labourers employed in the building of the new Houses of Parliament, while at work on a scaffold, about thirty feet high, overbalanced himself and fell backwards, and on to a heap of stone rubble. He then raised up his blood-gushing forehead with his mouth and hand, and was immediately conveyed to the New Westminster Hospital, where it was found he was suffering from injury of the brain of such a nature that his life is despaired of. The unfortunate man was about thirty-two years of age, and has a wife and two children.

the day, two years of age, and, like the other, a champion. On Monday, the 22nd of June, the "Beehive" was the scene of a foot race between John Smith the London champion, and Benjamin Badcock, of Birmingham, came off at the Beehive in Brockwood, Walworth, in the presence of an immense number of spectators. Both men had obtained great notoriety in the United States. The contest was for 200 yards, and in the first race they were to jump a hurdle at equal distance, and then the men were to leap. In betting 5 to 4 were laid on Smith, and money to a very large amount was pending the result of this contest. The usual preliminaries being adjusted, the men appeared at the starting flag, and the signal being made, the men entered the race. The first hurdle was the first hurdle, and the men were closely pursued by Badcock, and at 200 yards the men were in equal positions. It was quite manifest that Smith had superiority in speed, while Badcock excelled in leaping the hurdles. A spirited race ensued, and the men were in the same position at the end of the race, the remaining distance, both competitors making strenuous efforts, and after an admirable race, Badcock came in the winner, and Smith the second, by two yards.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF

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The first general evening meeting was held on Thursday, when the chair was first taken by the Earl of Rosse, the president at the last meeting at Cork, who resigned it to the Dean of Ely, F.A.S., the present president, who delivered an address on the progress and prospects of the

Amongst the various objects of attraction opened to the inspection of members during the week were York Minster, with the choir, lodge chapel, and crypts; the Library of the Dean and Chapter, Minster Yard; the Museum and Gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society; the School of Designs, the Wilberforce School for the Blind; the Castle Yard; Mr. Spence's Glass Manufactory at Fishergate.

THE LONDON CUTANEOUS INFIRMARY.

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FUNERAL RITES DENIED.—(From a Correspondent.)—At St. Margaret's Church, Leicester, on Friday se'night, the officiating curate was about to inter a child of a carpenter, named Webster, when he asked by whom it had been baptized. He was told that it had not been baptized at all. He then refused to perform the service, virtually excommunicating the deceased; and the interment was prevented by the sexton.

THE FETE OF ST. CLOUD.

The annual revels of the London citizen are pretty much confined to Greenwich and Fairport fairs. He has no fêtes in Hyde Park — no grand galas in the gardens of Hampton Court, or at Windsor. How different it is with the Parisians! Fêtes without number, and each other in the environs of Paris, at the different departments, and through much of their bear a great resemblance, there is yet some peculiarity belonging to each, which serves to distinguish it from its neighbor. First is the Corbelle, with its pilgrimages to the tomb of the good Sire Aymon; next Saint Germain, with its game of *haquet*, and the wedding of the *coiffeuse* in the open air; Nanterre, with its *coiffeuses* and *razors*, and the *coiffeuse* of Clichy-la-Garenne has its feats of archery; and St. Cloud, of its distinguishing feature, has its *mirlotons*.

The Fete of St. Cloud has just transpired, and the same gathering of merchants' clerks and young grisettes, Parisian shopmen, lawyers clerks and flaunting idle women, who have characterised this fete in previous years, were again assembled together. Every half hour the railroad discharged its monstrous freight, which soon became dispersed amongst the groves and alleys of the park, and a few minutes after all were to be found taking a part in one or the other scene, of gaiety.

The famous artificial waterfall of St. Cloud forms two cascades from the gorges of Mansard. The first after the design of Lepante, the second from that of Mansard. The high cascade (that of Lepante) is 107 metres high, and has a width of 60 metres at its base; it is decorated by three summits with two colossal figures, representing the personifications of Saone and Marne, and on the balustrade are emblematic statues of the figures of the Seine and the Rhone. The lower cascade, a cone of water, is 8 metres high, and is even very noisy. It falls from a height of 96 feet high by 96 wide, and consumes no less than 3700 hundred litres of water every hour. The waters fall into a canal bordered by two hedges of clipped boxwood, ornamented with statues as if they were the sides of porticoes, where the waters are collected. Placed to the right of the cascade, in the centre of the large square basin, is the most extraordinary jet d'eau in the world, which rises 80 metres above the level of the basin, and consumes, each day, about 100,000 litres of water.

The anecdote is worth narrating how it was that St. Cloud became a princely residence, and how the clever Mazarin acquired this magnificent abode, at a cost infinitely beneath its value, for Louis XIV. Here the subtlety and shrewdness of the cardinal minister appear in their finest light; and we recognise in every act the cunning Mazarin de la Fronde.

The king having expressed the intention of purchasing country seat for the Duke of Orleans, the cardinal cast his eyes on that of a substantial paragon, situated at St. Cloud, the proprietor of which was a young beauty, and had cost the proprietor nearly a million francs. "I have never seen her," said he, "visit it, and, whilst admiring its magnificence, said to the financier—'This house must at least have cost you twelve hundred thousand francs.' 'You did not,' was the answer, 'I am not ready to say.' 'I am not rich enough to buy, own the amount of it, but I can see it.' 'How much did it cost you, then?' asked the cardinal. 'I dare say you are not quit for less than two hundred thousand francs to see it.' 'I am not ready to say,' was the answer. 'I am not ready to say it is able to expand even that amount.' 'I am not ready to say,' replied Mazarin, 'that the house did not cost beyond a hundred thousand crowns?' 'You have guessed it, my lord, that is the exact price!" exclaimed the financier, thinking that he had been deceived. "I am not ready to say," he then smiled, said not a word, and the cardinal, who had heard two hundred thousand crowns, informing him that the king wished to purchase his house for the Duke of Orleans. The sum was remitted to him by the Duke of Orleans, who brought with him the agreement of the king already prepared, and the proprietor, who yielded his magnificent house to the king for at least the third of its value. The habitation, with its dependencies, were immediately entrusted to Lepante, Mansard, Girard, and Le Notre, who by the most majestic residence it now is. The apartments which follow are the most magnificent and decorated by a taste, "when the king," according to the Marquis of the title, "came to St. Cloud, accompanied by Marie Therese and Anne of Austria, in a boat very beautifully ornamented. It is to be seen that the Duke of Orleans entertained him with extraordinary magnificence, and that the king was entertained by delightful concerts; and the amusements afforded by the French theatre in the garden, lighted by an immense number

of lustres. The river was covered with decorated boats, and these were occupied by fivers, trumpeters, and drummers. On the 12th day of August, 1660, a grand ball was given at St. Cloud, in honour of the approaching union of the Duke of Orleans and the Princess Henrietta of England; and from this time the pleasures of the season were no longer confined to the pleasures and enjoyments. In its gardens were held fetes, and plays and concerts were performed until the death of the duke's young bride. But no mourning lasts for ever. On the 11th of September, 1660, a grand ball was given again illuminated for the splendid fete given by the Duke of Orleans to the Emperor on account of his second marriage with the Princess of Bavaria. The fetes were resumed at the birth of the Duke of Valois and at the baptism of the Duke de Chartres, whose christening was celebrated by a grand ball, and a grand display of the gallery of Apollo, painted by Mignard, gave rise to another fete. In 1686 there was a fete at St. Cloud, to celebrate the successful operation which was performed on Louis by Surgeon Felix. All these fetes were celebrated exclusively for the comfort of the Duke of Orleans and his grandfather to the present king, he who was styled the *King of France*, gave at St. Cloud a grand display, to which everybody was admitted; there were amusements for princes, for the nobles, and for the people, and the Duke of Orleans, the Duke and Naïades, were to be everywhere met with. There were concerts, and tables loaded in abundance; and all the Parisians who had assembled in crowds at these mythological wonders found the evening, kind and disinterested Tritons, who reconducted them to their city. The Duke of Orleans, at the expense of the Duke of Orleans. But St. Cloud was never under any reign so much the theatre of numerous and brilliant fetes as under the empire. Napoleon had great regard for this residence, and he thought it his duty to visit it frequently, his having been the cradle of his imperial power. He was almost always there, and most of the galas of these times were kept at St. Cloud. We may mention, amongst others, those which celebrated the birth of the eldest son of Hortense, whose birth the Emperor had ordered to be celebrated at St. Cloud. The fete of the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louise; and at length that which took place on the 15th of August, 1811, at the fete of the *Forest of Rome*. At the fall of the palace and the fall of the dynasty, the Emperor was banished to St. Helena, and it was said, "It made the forest quiet, as if by magic. One writer has transformed into a nosegay of diamonds or a bunch of precious stones; the cascades rolled in the midst of flames; the water spouts poured out in various colours; the sky was lighted by fire-works, which spread in the air like the flames of the cannon of the imperial artillery mingled with this artificial cannonade. Gay musical strains enlivened the dancing and other amusements, that were partaken of by the immense multitude of the Emperor's army, and the Emperor himself, who burst forth; the thunder roared, the rain descended, the lightning and the lightning which flashed through the clouds, was the only light which survived the phantasmagoric splendours of this imperial fete. The Emperor, who had just seen in this sudden darkness a fatal omen, and who had just seen the Emperor himself received. Four years hence the allies occupied the favourite residence of the Emperor, and the Prince de Schwarzenberg gave in the park of St. Cloud a last fete, which is but sorrowfully remembered amongst its other scenes of gaiety and

The *marilou*, for which St. Cloud is celebrated, is a primitive music, a contrabass, consisting of the fashion of a child's whistle, common only among the Parisians. Throughout the day it is partially in request, but more particularly towards the evening is the time when the alleys of the park resound with its imperfect notes. This may be said to be the grand period of the fete, the trees are then illuminated, and the orchestras resound with their bursts of music, mountebanks scream out loud invitations to their performances, which are answered in turn by the howlings of caged beasts.

However, the mirliton sounds the airs of all imaginable oddities, from Marlborough's en va-t'en guerre, mirliton, ton to mirlontaine, and other popular tunes, to the grand air ou Puritain and the overture to William Tell. It is to the sound of these tunes that the fete closes. It would be desirable for ears less than ordinarily sensitive to have ended with the fete; but the very imperfect notes resulting from the combinations of different airs are prolonged even beyond the hour of departure, and even that of the return. The echoes of the street Saint Lazare tremble again; the Chausse d'Antin, stunned, think that Paris is called to the sad fate of the fete; and the mirliton, slipping imperceptibly into the bosom of families, for a moment, has the appearance of this maxim—that there is no good fete without a mirliton.

LIVING LITTERATEURS

No. XII. HORACE TWEED

Mr. Horace Twiss is the son of Francis Twiss, the author of a "Complete Verbal Index to the Plays of Shakspeare," a work of great rarity and repute, now, however, on the point of being reissued by the publishers, Messrs. G. and J. Nisbet, in the form of a similar publication by Mrs. Cowden Clarke. His mother was Fanny Kemble, the sister of Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Horace Twiss has just in Parliament for the County of Hants, and is a member of the House of Commons. He was the son of the late Lord Grey, and on the accession of Lord Grey's Government returned once more to the bar. Mr. Francis Twiss died in 1812, at the age of fifty-three. Mr. Horace Twiss was born in the year 1779, and was, therefore, of the age of thirty-eight on the 1st of February, 1787, and called to the bar in the year 1811. He is, therefore, on the sunny side of sixty, walks with a firm step, and seems destined to outlive the several thousands of his countrymen who are daily perishing from the want of sincere admirers.

Mr. Francis Twiss, the father, is said to have been a great mimic; and Sir David Wilkie commends him in his "Journal" in his usual cold, encomiastic style, for a speech—a fine specimen of mimicry in the manner of Mr. Pitt, made one Twelfth Night at Sir William Beechey's—a sort of interlude or relief to a set series of attitudes displayed by Horatia Hamilton under the direction of her mother, the notorious Lady Hamilton. This was in 1809. Mr. Horace Twiss has a reputation for an imitative talent of the same nature.

Mr. Twiss has the merit of being the most popular book of the season, the far-famed "Coningsby" of Mr. D'Israeli not excepted. We allude to the "Life of Lord Eldon" in three thick octavo volumes, embracing a long series of letters and private memoranda, written by Lord Eldon with an evident eye for the public, and a most judicious selection of years a Lord chancellor, as Lord Eldon was, could not fail in having a great deal to tell; but would he tell it clearly, and above all, would he tell it honestly. Now Lord Eldon was a great teller; he began his life taking clear views of every thing; and he said, and he said, and he said, and he said, and he said, to his dying day. But it too often happens that this otherwise enviable habit of thinking and speaking clearly is unaccompanied by any great command of the pen. Tom Birch, of Tom Birch, of our historical sketches, was lively, and his conversation was direct, but he was not a writer. His conversation became a torpedo. Any, in conversation,

the delight of all who heard him, yet his style of writing was dull beyond precedent or endurance. Lord Eldon, it is true, is not by many degrees so indifferent a writer as Dr. Birch; but he writes heavily, and wants the art of recording a small matter gracefully. His facts, however, and what he has to tell, triumph over all, and the public have been and are still reading with the utmost delight what it had been taught to look forward to for some time with impatient anxiety.

The part of Mr. Twiss in this book is very agreeable and intelligently executed. On the fame of this Life his literary reputation must rest. He has strung his matter in a very agreeable and graceful manner. It is true he exhibits his art too often more through haste and inattention than ignorance. The defects of haste may have been supplied in the second edition—now fresh from the press; for it is the compilation of an often-tried and experienced hand, one at home upon his subject, and not too much in love with his hero.

There is a story current among authors, that Mr. Twiss, in writing this life, had occasionally found fault as he went on with the recorded judgments of the lord chancellor, and that the present Lord Eldon, the patron, as we shall see, of Mr. Twiss's labours, objects to the admission of any dissent from the well weighed judgments of his venerated grandfather. Mr. Twiss had written his book as every good biographer will write a life—fearlessly and straightforwardly—praising, impugning, or confirming, not as the humour or fancy took him, but as the sincere convictions of his own mind prompted and persuaded him. A reader invariably looks for the clearly recorded opinion of his author, and has a right to see set before him the judgment of the biographer on the facts he has sifted and sought into. Lord Eldon, it is said, thought otherwise; not so much from a fear that Mr. Twiss could shake the unalterable decisions of the great founder of his race, but from a feeling that the book had already outgrown the proper bulk of a life to live:

For those that live to please, must please to live.



Faithful Yours

Edward Twiss

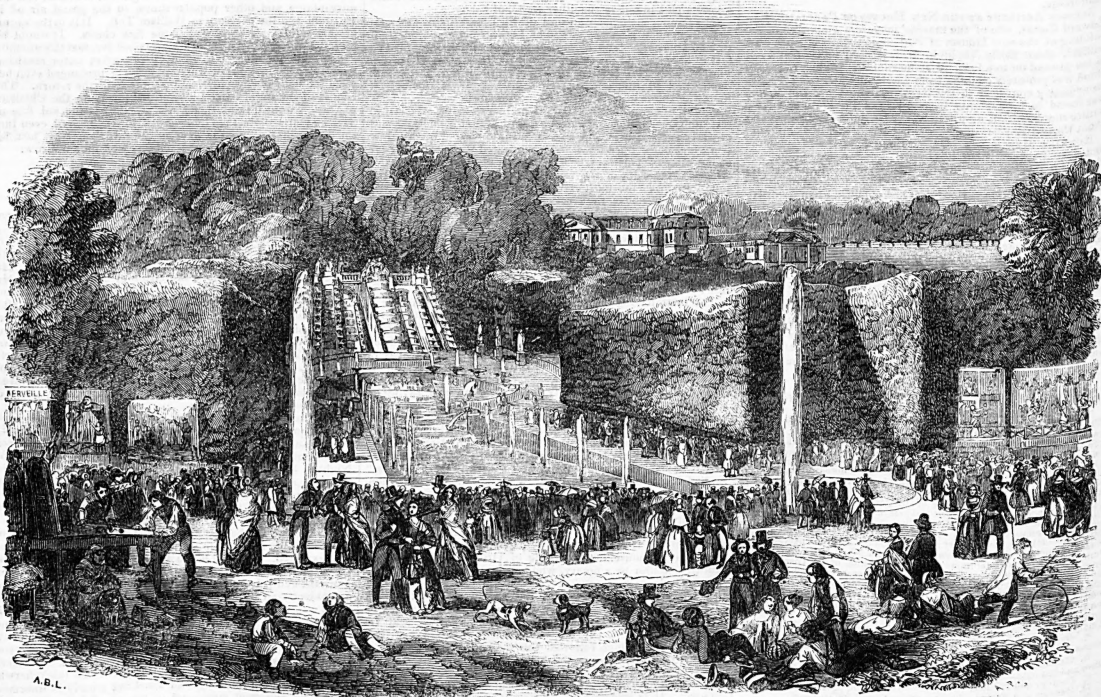
A big book is a great evil, and we are inclined to agree with Lord Eldon in the decision he came to. His lordship would leave all reflection and summary to the reader; he allows his noble grandfather's judgments to stand as they were pronounced, without a word by way of difference or defence.

The rage for biography is now at fever point; where it will end, is beyond our powers of divination. Charles Matthews dies, and five thick volumes of biography by his widow are put forth to appease the Paul Pry propensities of our nature. Then Grimaldi dies, and the most popular writer of his time is called in to concoct a life of a clown in two octavo volumes. Let us pray for long life to Tom Thumb. The death of this Sir Jeffery Hudson of his age would demand a folio, or at least a quarto in double columns.

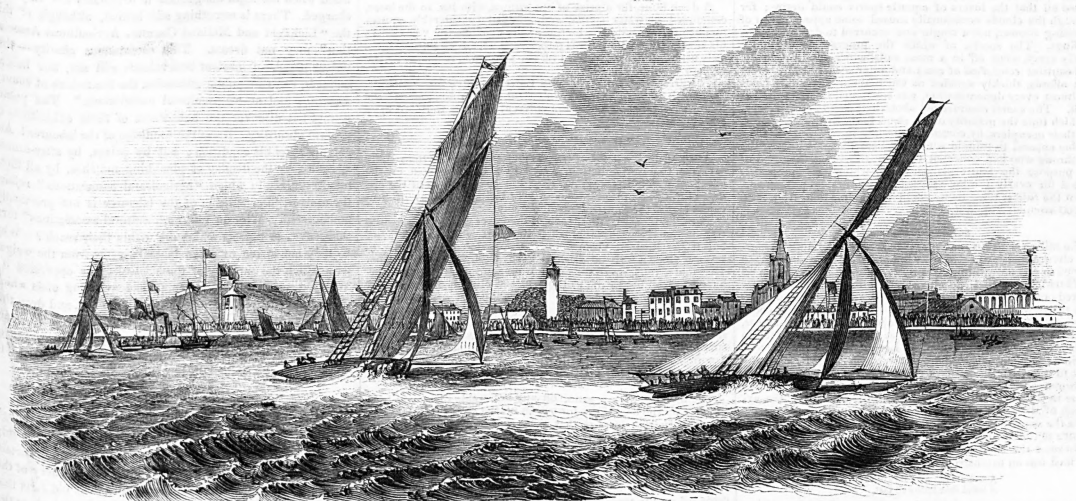
We have said that the present Lord Eldon is the patron of Mr. Twiss's biography of his celebrated grandfather. We have yet to tell that his lordship placed the copyright of all the Eldon papers at the free disposal of Mr. Twiss, and when the Life was out, expressed his approbation of the performance by a cheque on Childs's for a thousand pounds. This generous dealing reminds one of the good old days in English literature, when peers, like Dorset and Halifax, repaid a dedication by a dinner and a hundred rose nobles put beneath the cover of the first dish that the hungry poet put out his hand to partake of. Mr. Murray has put a second thousand into Mr. Twiss's pocket, so that the Ex-secretary of State for the Colonies has been as well rewarded by the present public as by the munificence of his friend, the present Lord Eldon.

We have long looked for a life of Mrs. Siddons from the pen of her nephew and executor Mr. Twiss. Why is it that we have looked in vain? Boudin is heavy amid all his accuracy; and the "Life by Campbell" is a miserable performance. Much might be expected from Mr. Twiss's information and manner; nor would public expectation be disappointed, if Mr. Twiss would set seriously about it.

ASPER.



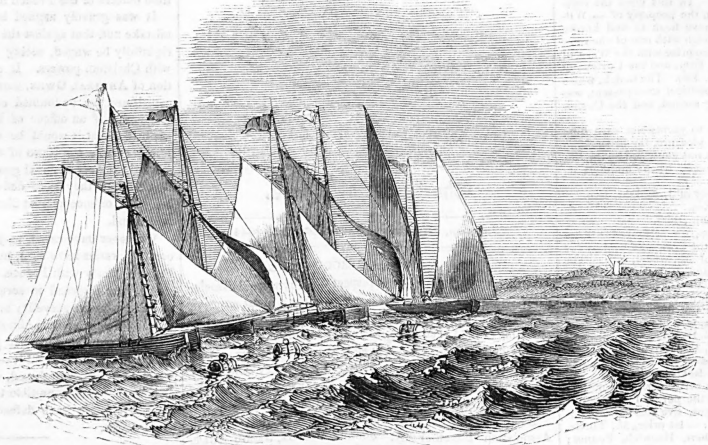
A.B.L.



HARWICH REGATTA.—FIRST CLASS YACHT COMING IN.

THE EASTERN COAST REGATTA.

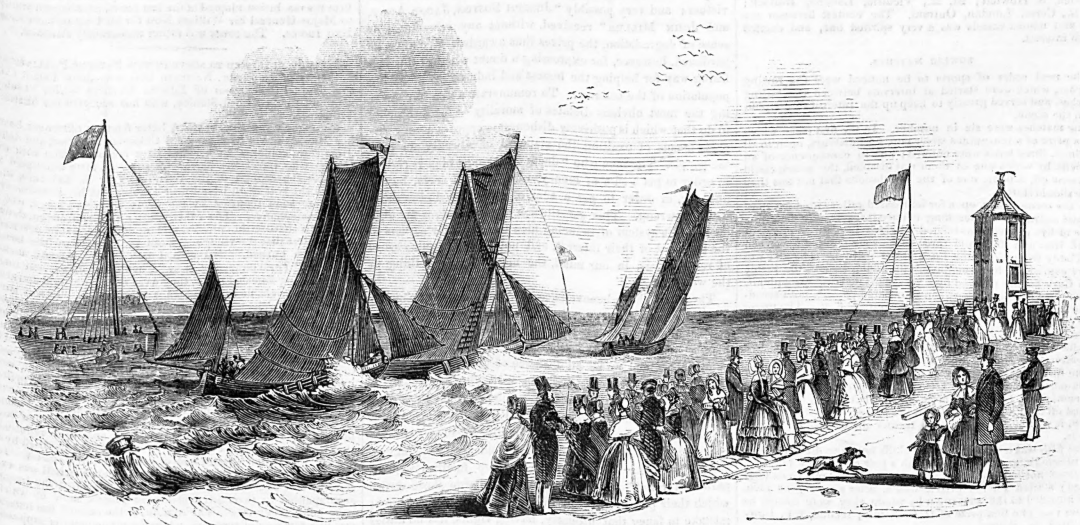
The Harwich Yacht Club, was founded in 1843, and the first Eastern Coast Regatta was held in that year at Harwich. It owes its formation to the fact of there being no yacht club whatever up to 1843, between the Nore and the Frith of Forth, although such associations have for some time been established in the Thames, at Cowes, Southampton, Plymouth, in the Shannon, at Cork, Dublin, Liverpool, in the Clyde, and at Leith and Edinburgh. To Mr. Miall (Lloyd's agent) the greatest credit is due for his unremitting exertions in starting the Harwich squadron. We cannot forbear expressing an opinion, that all the yachts on the eastern coast of England should at once enrol themselves in the club. Cannot Hull and Yarmouth furnish their quota of vessels at once? They cannot find a better working committee and honorary secretary than now exists at Harwich. We repeat, the Harwich Club must succeed, or the gentlemen of the eastern coast must "hide their diminished heads," and suffer the southern and western coasts to monopolise the glories of yachting and their



HARWICH REGATTA.—THIRD CLASS YACHTS STARTING.

country's thanks. Looking to the lists of the Thames Yachts, it is hoped at Harwich that the following, among others, may soon be induced to join at Harwich as well as on the Thames: viz. Mr. Hulton's Forest Fly, 9 tons; Mr. Hogge's Thetis, 25 tons; Mr. Cresswell's Wild Duck, 8 tons, all three belonging to Lynn; Mr. Berney's Meteor of 25 tons, belonging to North Yarmouth; and the Whitby yawl, Spray, 14 tons, belonging to Mr. Richardson; together with the Ruby, Enigma, Elize, and divers other craft. These, we say, are properly considered eastern coast vessels; and we yet trust to see them all on the list of the Harwich club, whose commodore (Mr. Gibson, Esq., M.P.) owns the Claude yawl of 30 tons, and who, as a member of the Cowes club, has himself had much experience in yachting matters.

Wednesday se'night was indeed a gay and bustling day at Harwich, in consequence of the Eastern Coast Regatta being held in the harbour of that place. Everything combined to make the day a most delightful one to the crowds of visitors who flocked thither; the weather, while at Colchester, and within a very few



HARWICH REGATTA.—SIXTH CLASS SPIRITSAIL BARGES.

miles of Harwich, the rain descended heavily during the greater part of the day, was there delightfully fine, and proved all that the lovers of aquatic sports could desire; for although the clouds occasionally caused some apprehension of a coming shower, not a single one occurred to damp the proceedings. The sports, which the programme showed a goodly array, went off in a most satisfactory manner; while the beautiful *coup d'œil* of coast and water scenery which Harwich affords, thickly studded as the harbour was with vessels of almost every denomination, was calculated to afford delight to all. The sports commenced about half past twelve o'clock, at which time the majority of the shops in the town were closed, and their occupants, by common consent, turned out in their holiday apparel to mingle with and share the pleasures of the gay throng who had collected together to witness them. For this purpose the fine esplanade, with which the harbour is skirted for nearly a mile, afforded an admirable promenade, and at the fullest time there could not be less than from 3000 to 5000 assembled upon it.

SAILING MATCHES.

The sailing matches took place first, under the most favourable circumstances as regarded wind and tide, the vessels being enabled to make way either in a south or northerly direction off the Harwich head, with almost equal facility. The course marked out for the first, second, fourth, and fifth classes was from the stewards' vessel (the tender, which was moored about the centre of the harbour) to the Blazer, government steamer, to the south, rounding the headland at Landguard Fort, then in an easterly direction round the Cork Light Vessel, from thence to the Stone Beach Buoy in the west; again passing the stewards' yacht to the north, rounding a vessel moored some distance up the Stour, and finally returning to the starting point. The course in the third and sixth classes was the same, with the exception of the light round the Cork Lodge and Stone Beach, where the sea was too rough for vessels of light build; their distance to the south being a vessel on the Rolling Grounds, just beyond the Landguard Fort headland. The course to be described was an extensive one; and with

the wind sheet on, and blowing sail, A wind that followed fast,

they walked the waters gallantly, and some first-rate sailing was exhibited.

The matches, the result of which will be found below, were well contested, and in several instances the vessels all came in within two or three minutes of each other.

The first match was between yachts belonging to any recognised club, not exceeding 25 tons burthen, for a silver cup of the value of twenty-five guineas. In this class the celebrated yacht, the *Enigma*, of London, the property of — Wilkinson, Esq. (whose sailing powers have been so well known since her victory in a match off Harwich with one of the most famous yachts of the day), competed the prize with the *Wasp*, of London, the property of G. Taylor, Esq., and the *Curlew*, of Ipswich, belonging to A. T. Cobbold, Esq. The match, which excited considerable interest among nautical men present, was won by the *Enigma*, the *Wasp* being second, and the *Curlew* third.

The second class match was open to yachts not exceeding 10 tons burthen, used exclusively for pleasure, the prize being a cup of the value of ten guineas. It was contested by the following yachts, and the result will be seen by the numbers attached to each:—

1. Phantom, of London, the property of J. Knight, Esq.
2. Foam, of London, — Roberts, Esq.
3. Crisis, Manningtree, T. Nanning, Esq.
4. The third prize of a five guinea cup, for pleasure boats not exceeding twenty-one feet length in the keel, was won by the *Ariel*, of Woodbridge, the property of M. Model, Esq. The other vessels were the *Syrén*, Woodbridge, B. Gall, Esq.; *Fairy*, Yarmouth, — Teedale, Esq.; *North Star*, Woodbridge, Capt. Shouldham, R.N.; and *Rival*, Woodbridge, — Stock, Esq.

The fourth match, between yachts not exceeding 25 tons burthen, for a purse of ten sovereigns, was contested by four vessels, and was decided as follows:—1st prize, 7*l.*, *Petrel*, of Colchester, S. Worsfold, master; 2*d.*, 2*l.*, *Thetis*, of Jersey, J. Moulton; 3*d.*, 1*l.*, *Mischief*, of Ipswich, C. Howlett; and 4*th* (no prize), *Atalanta*, of Harwich, Boyce.

In the fifth class, which was a match between yachts not exceeding 18 tons burthen, belonging to the ports of Ipswich or Harwich, for a purse of eight sovereigns, five vessels were entered, and the result was as follows:—1st prize, 2*l.*, *Turtle*, Ipswich, Horn, master; 2*d.*, 2*l.*, *Robert*, Harwich, Fenner; 3*d.*, 1*l.*, *Blossom*, Ipswich, W. Colchester; 4*th*, Brothers, Ipswich, Wakefield; *Eliza*, Ipswich, W. Moulton.

The third match of a rather novel character, being between spri-sail barges for a purse of 5*l.* It was contested by three barges, and decided as follows:—1st prize, 5*l.*, *Ironides*, Ipswich, S. Howlett; 2*d.*, 2*l.*, *Victoria*, London, Bullock; 3*d.*, 1*l.*, *Ceres*, London, Outram. The contest between the two first named vessels was a very spirited one, and excited much interest.

ROWING MATCHES.

The next order of sports to be noticed were the rowing matches, which were started at intervals between the sailing matches, and served greatly to keep up the interest of the public in the scene.

The matches were six in number. In the first class, which was a prize of a ten-guinea silver cup, for amateurs, open to all England, three boats were entered; but, in consequence of an accident, by which one of them was disabled, the match could not come off; it being one of the regulations that not less than three should start.

In the second class, open for four-oared galleys used for rowing and sailing, not exceeding twenty-three feet in length, a purse of five guineas was offered (divided into three prizes of 2*l.*, 1*l.*, 10*s.*, and 10*s.*), and three boats were entered for it, viz. the *Paddy* from Cork, the *Po*, and the *Walton*. The race was a very capital one between the two first-named boats, the *Paddy* from Cork having the lead by a very short distance throughout.

The third match was between four-oared galleys, not exceeding twenty-eight feet in length, for a purse of 2*l.* The prizes were competed for by three boats (all, we understood, belonging to the revenue service), viz. the *Emerald*, the *Flying Fish*, and the *Richmond*, which, after a well-contested match, took respectively the first, second, and third prizes.

The fourth prize was a purse of five guineas, to be rowed for by six-oared galleys. The *Gem* and the *Royal Charlotte* were the competing boats, and, after an excellent race, the former carried off the first prize, while the latter, after a very good race, was awarded to the watermen by whom they were rowed, as follows:—The first prize of 1*l.* to Poims; second, 10*s.*, Bowler; third, 5*s.*, Payne.

The sixth, or punt race, was contested by five rowers, named

Esteen, Merchant, Meachin, Hines, and Fryor, the first three of whom carried off the prizes of 12*s.*, 5*s.*, and 3*s.*

A duck hunt, for a prize of one guinea, with 10*s.* to the loser, concluded the water sports, and afforded considerable amusement to the spectators, who repeatedly cheered the "duck" in his successful evasion of his pursuers. The duck hunt, which, as is usually the case, carried off the prize, was managed by the veteran Cole, of Harwich.

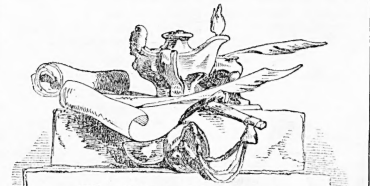
The greatest credit is due to the committee for the abundant stock of amusement provided for the public, and for the judicious manner in which the different matches were arranged and started.

THE DINNER AND FIREWORKS.

At six o'clock a party of friends and supporters of the regatta sat down to a cold collation, served in a booth erected on the beach, at which J. Bagshaw, Esq. (in consequence of the illness of the Mayor) presided. A very brilliant display of fireworks closed the amusements of the day.

The 28th of September, 1845, is the exact date of the formation of the Harwich Club, which by some is called not "*du*" but "*The Eastern Yacht Club*," a title that it ought not to assume, since a "*Royal Eastern Yacht Club*" has existed from December, 1835, up to the present moment at Leigh and Edinburgh. It would be too bad to have two clubs bearing one and the same name. "*Harwich Yacht Club*" is a good name. Why change it, except by the by to prefix the "*Royal*?" On this formation of the club at Harwich, now twelve months since, the officers chosen were T. M. Gibson, Esq., M.P., commodore; A. Pountaine, Esq., vice-commodore; Captain Jenningsham, R.N., vice-commodore; and W. V. Bayley, Esq., treasurer; W. J. Miall, Esq., acting then and now as honorary secretary.

The first Harwich regatta, on any noticeable scale, was held in 1845, on the day of the formation of the club as above mentioned. In the contests that then came off, the *Blue Belle*, 25 tons, beat the *Enigma*, 25 tons, by three and a half minutes, and received a very handsome cup as her prize. Mr. Read's *Exquisite* beat Mr. Stock's *Rival*; and the *Providence* beat the *Eliza*, *Mystère*, *Livingston*, and *Albatross*, as the records of the club demonstrate. Five other contests also came off on the same day, sailing or rowing, and the day was wound up as now, in 1845, by a dinner and fireworks. We see no reason, if all will put their shoulders to the wheel, why Harwich should not, at the summer of 1846, take out a very crack squadron. When there is a will, there is a way.



The Pictorial Times.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1844.

AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATIONS.

We would fain have a great respect for agricultural associations. Playing at benevolence is possibly a most amusing sport; and as possibly some good may result from it, we see no objection to noblemen and gentlemen indulging themselves in this way. However, all sports may be carried too far — may be carried to an extent inconsistent with the very objects the sports-men profess to respect; and, to our mind, some of the benevolence-mongers have realised this possibility.

At a meeting of the "Lichfield and Midland Counties Association" the other day, "JOSEPH BOSTON, JACOB AULT, and JOHN MILLER" received prizes for bringing up large families without parochial relief. The donors of the prizes thought possibly enough that, by rewarding these persons, they were evincing a proper respect for commendable virtues; and very possibly "JOSEPH BOSTON, JACOB AULT, and JOHN MILLER" received, without any reluctance, or sense of degradation, the prizes thus awarded. We must be pardoned, however, for expressing a doubt whether this is a fitting way for helping the honest and industrious labouring population of the country. To remunerate a man for obeying the most obvious dictates of morality — for forbearing to do that which is positively dishonest — appears a very singular means of exalting the standard of morality among the people. The man who "doeth the thing which is right," in order to get a sum of money, will, it would seem, be not unlikely, in order to get a sum of money, to do the thing which is wrong. This substitution of low motives for high ones — this system of inducing men to refer their actions to the standard of their interest, and not to their innate sense of rectitude, is, in our mind, the most ill-judged thing in the world.

There is a cheap benevolence as there is a cheap charity. To give alms to a beggar in the street is, by some people, reputed charity — that is, the sacrifice of a mere trifle, not heeded or needed by the donor, to banish an importunate applicant, is held to be an instance of that glorious virtue, which the great Apostle exalts in such glowing language! But is it, indeed, so? It may be much easier for those who compose the "Lichfield and Midland Counties Agricultural Association" to subscribe their shillings, in order that "JOSEPH BOSTON, JACOB AULT, and JOHN MILLER" should receive "prizes for bringing up families without parochial relief," than for them to discharge those duties which their position devolves upon them. Still, 'tis a great mistake to fancy that, by giving rights, has no duties — that the relation between employer and employed, work-

man and master, landlord and tenant, is sufficiently recognised when the legal obligations it originates are duly discharged. There is something still behind, although of this the "Lichfield and Midland Counties Agricultural Association" may not dream. This ostentatious charity — this vulgar parade of insolent benevolence will not, nor indeed ought it, exalt in public estimation the flourishers at county meetings and at "agricultural associations." The public cannot but discover the hollowness of these exhibitions of profuse absurdity. Raise the condition of the labourer! Assuredly raise his condition: but by prizes, by after-dinner speeches, by the display of ploughing matches, by all those manifestations in which "agricultural associations" rejoice themselves, the condition of the labourer is not practically ameliorated. Why do not "agricultural associations" turn themselves to objects which are within their reach? Why do they not strive to emancipate industry from the weight with which the cupidty of the bullionist has oppressed it? Why not use their influence in endeavouring ends which sincere exertions will bring within their reach, and drop this worse than foolish parade of paying men because they act honestly? We never reputed very highly the value of "agricultural associations" — we are disposed hereafter to repute them at a value still lower.

THE WARSPITE AND THE ADMIRALTY.

A very respectable gentleman, who is unfortunate enough to occupy the position of chaplain to HER MAJESTY'S ship *Warspite*, has been unfortunate enough to form a certain judgment in his own mind of the tactics and gunnery of the French, when they took to battering down the old forts that gave to inexperienced eyes an appearance of strength to the city of Tangiers. This chaplain, it appears, has permitted his view on the subject to reach the "Times" newspaper, and the "Times" newspaper rashly publishing the opinions of this chaplain, has created a huge stir amongst the susceptible officers of the French navy.

It was gravely argued by Francisco a Victoria, if we mistake not, that against the Indians of America war might rightfully be waged, seeing that they had refused to trade with Christian powers. It appears to have been a conviction of ADMIRAL OWEN, that the publication of these letters constituted an undoubted *casus belli* between France and England. If an officer of HER MAJESTY'S navy intimates his belief that it would be worth while for the officers of HIS MAJESTY the KING of the FRENCH to improve themselves in the art of naval gunnery and of navigation, seeing that in both they were deficient, this, as we understand it, is a gross offence against discipline, and worthy of a severe reprimand.

We never have cared to join in the severe language our contemporaries have used, in reference to the dealings of the PERL Ministry with France. We love peace so well, that we are not disposed to scrutinise very closely the motives of those who conserve it; and we are well aware that our existing monetary laws almost preclude us from prosecuting any war with vigour; but peace, like all other things — gold, as we have proved it — may be purchased too dearly. Too dearly is it purchased, when the price paid is national dishonour — a contemptible truckling to the insane folly of those whom we have defeated more than once, and will again defeat.

EAST INDIA HOUSE.

On Wednesday a Quarterly General Court of Proprietors of East India Stock was held, pursuant to the terms of the charter, for the purpose of considering various matters connected with Indian affairs. The meeting was opened by a resolution to confirm the resolution adopted at the last court, granting an annuity to Major-General Sir William Nott for his long services in the East Indies. The court was rather numerously attended.

MEMBER RETURNED TO SERVE IN THIS PRESENT PARLIAMENT. — CHURCH OF LANCETER, Northern Division — John Talbot Clifton, Esq., in the room of Edward Geoffrey Stanley and Stanley, commonly called Lord Stanley, who has succeeded the Chiltern Hundreds.

CONFLICT WITH PIRATES. — A letter from an officer on board her Majesty's ship *Samarang*, off Colombo, Java Sea, and dated June 28th, contains an account of a recent conflict with the pirates who infest the place. A party of forty attempted to surprise the captain of the *Samarang* (Sir E. Belcher), who was on the reef of an island near Tidore, with his instruments, but were soon repulsed by the firing from the barge, which was in attendance. The captain, after this aggression, determined to chastise the pirates, and finding the island deserted, gave orders that the village and all the vessels on the beach should be burned. He chased two of the vessels, called "*prahus*" (pronounced "*proh*"), with the barge, and the crews having deserted them, they were towed out and burned. About midnight he anchored in a retired bay, but was surprised at two o'clock in the morning by the sound of gongs and other instruments, and before the party was ready for action five large war *prahus* were close upon them, all gallily decorated. The leader demanded of the party in the barge if they had a ship; and on the captain answering that the British ship of war to which they belonged was outside, they set up a yell, and began dancing and throwing spears. The English replied to them by a discharge of shot and canister, and secured the capture of the *prahu*, which would not burn when an attempt was made to fire them. While the English were pursuing the other two *prahus*, five more made their appearance, and were repulsed, not, however, till the captain was wounded in the thigh by a ball of one pound weight, and one 9-16 lb in diameter. In this condition he was taken to the ship, when the barge was extracted, and another cutter and another *prahu* were taken, accompanied by two cutters and some *prahus*, some of which were taken and burnt. The captain, at the date of the letters, was in a fair way of recovery, while the pirate chief is supposed to have been killed.

MEDICAL MONOPOLY.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

The flame spreads. Chelsea is up in arms; Marylebone has pronounced; Epsom is irate; Sir James Graham is in a bad way, and medical reform in positive danger. An amazing amount of spleen—no ordinary degree of forcible feebleness have these meetings exhibited; and loud are the complaints that resound on all sides—"the doctors are left to fight the battle by themselves." The discovery has length been made, that the public are noways attached to the doctors, or zealous in their cause—that they will see, with the most perfect resignation, the overthrow of that huge monopoly, that has so long insulted the good sense of the thinking part of the community.

The doctors are struggling in the madness of despair, not simply for existence, but for a still further security for their privileges. They chirp out "medical reform" as lustily as could be desired—by "medical reform" intending the suppression for ever and aye of that impudent class, who absurdly think that the possession of a diploma or certificate is no test of medical skill or competency. In the dark ages, the Romish clergy arrogated to themselves a full dominion over the consciences of their people; the people were bound to think and believe as the priests told them. And this was natural enough with a body that considered itself infallible. Our medical doctors appear emulous of the position of their spiritual brethren. They consider that he who is not of them is of necessity wrong—that, as it was held there was no salvation without the pale of the Romish church, so there can be no cure beyond the lines of licensed faculties.

The "Times" of Wednesday last has some very sensible observations on the subject. By sensible observations, we would not be supposed to imply that they are observations in themselves just and well founded; but they are sensible because they have a distinct and intelligible meaning, and point to an appreciable end. In these respects they contrast strikingly with the idle nonsense which has been lately spouted at the monopolists' meetings.

Every body knows that various definitions have been given of this sadly ambiguous term "respectability." Keeping a gig is, fancy, the favourite; not keeping a shop is evidently the notion of the "Times." The "Times" refers to the practice.

Among general practitioners, of "combining a retail," as it is called—joining with the professional practice of the surgeon-apothecary the trading business of the chemist and druggist.

In the opinion of the "Times," "evil consequences" result from this combination. Note how it argues the matter—

When a mere apothecary sets up a shop for the retail of drugs and chemicals, hoping to attract customers from the counter to the dispensary in the rear, and there to convert them into patients, he is perhaps only exercising a right which the law permits him, of lowering himself to the condition of the apothecary of past centuries. But when a man who has become a member of the College of Surgeons does the same thing, he is we are much inclined to suspect, offending, though of course unconsciously, against the oath which he took, as a member of that college, not to do any thing to lower the respectability of his profession.

Mr. Seagrave Davy, an eminent lawyer of the last century, was surprised with having, to the manifest detriment of "the respectability of his profession," taken silver as a fee from a prisoner he had defended. "Why," he said, "that's true enough; but I took every rap the fellow had in the world; and if that's not keeping up 'the respectability of the profession,' I don't know what is!" Men's notions of respectability are so different. In an amusing book, called "Physic and Physicians," published some three or four years ago, there are numerous instances adduced of the arts by which doctors have acquired extensive fame and vast fortunes, and none of those arts appear to us less inconsistent with "the respectability of the profession" than "joining with the professional practice of the surgeon-apothecary the trading business of the chemist and druggist." Really the Oracle is all too sensitive.

The "Times" proceeds to denounce the practice very generally followed, especially in the rural districts, of chemists and druggists invading the province of licensed practitioners, and prescribing medicines. One of the "Times" correspondents observes in reference to this fact—

I have repeatedly seen instances in which persons have had such confidence in their chemist, that they would have placed themselves under his care, and have taken his advice, in cases where, under the sanction of the law, he has very properly been compelled to refer them to a regular practitioner.

What does all this imply? Surely nothing less than that the public have not that confidence in the doctors, the doctors would have us to believe; that there is a conviction abroad, that in much unnecessary mystery has the art of healing been enveloped by its professors—imitating herein, again, the conduct of the Romish clergy of old, who forbade translations of the Scriptures lest their flocks should become as wise as themselves, and moreover discover the impostures of which they had long been the victims. It was stated by one of the speakers at the Chelsea convocate, that "wealthy and educated" people were misled by what the orator was pleased to denigrate, empirics; so that it is not only "the poorer classes" that are disposed to think very lightly of the doctors.

Now the "Times," by insisting on this, and by pursuing this line of argument, gives us clearly to understand what is the *animus* of the present medical movement, of which it has constituted itself the organ. We see clearly what the doctors are driving at. They have resolved to make still more stringent the laws which protect them, they will permit no one to infringe, in the most trifling degree, on what they esteem their privileges. The poorest is to come to them as well as the richest; they will take the silver if they cannot get the gold, and the pence if the shillings are not to be had. By and bye a man will not be allowed to prescribe for himself. No one must venture on a seidlitz powder without the leave and licence of a "regular practitioner."

A very low estimate must the State form of the capacities of its subjects than to impose, and yet to interpose so fruitlessly. Doctors disagree, and we cannot understand who is to decide when doctor and do disagree, if it is not the patient himself. He may be wrong in his decision. Patients, like doctors—by

your leave, gentlemen—are fallible beings. There is no hold for the defects of humanity. The patient must act according to the best of his judgment—go whither he believes he is likely to receive the greatest benefit. Why, then, should his choice be restricted? Why tell him he is to purchase relief of but one class? Are you so certain that you, or these in whom you confide, are after all right? Is the subject so clear from doubt that you can safely dogmatize upon it? Paracelsus introduced antimony to notice; and the college of doctors of that day induced the parliament of Paris to pass an ordinance, by which any one prescribing it was subjected to punishment—and this because Paracelsus was no friend of the doctors! The Protestantism of England led it to reject the Jesuits' bark because it was Jesuits' bark! The doctors had a prejudice to appeal to.

Another reason, and one on which we have often insisted before, why the interference of the state is unjustifiable is, that there is, after all, no standard of medical doctrine to which, as to an authority, medical men will consent to refer their differences. Juvénal tells us that bears agree with bears—our doctors are perpetually contradicting each other. The doctors in medicine are as little in unison as the doctors in metaphysics, whose disputes are so admirably described by Bishop Jewell. "The doctors," says this great divine, "agree not. Then must we weigh and try them by the Master of the Sentences. The Master of the Sentences himself sometimes is not holden. Then must we seek further to the school doctors. The school doctors can in nowise agree. There is Scotus against Thomas, and Occam against Scotus, and Allacensis against Occam; the nominalists against the reals; the scholastics against the canonicists; the contention is greater, and the doubts darker, than they ever were before."

We have received a letter, dated from Hurst Green—a pleasant village, if we mistake not, in the Beccotian county of Sussex, criticising in an amusing style our articles upon "medical monopoly." Lord Bacon tells us, that "the greatest trust between man and man is the giving of counsel." We are duly grateful to our correspondent for the counsel with which he has favoured us. He informs us that he is an old man—a fact we do not doubt; evidently he is very old. He also informs us he is "no doctor"—information for which we are grateful, our first impression on reading his letter being, that it was the production of a doctor in his cups. He further assures us that he does not agree in our views; that he knows a great deal about the matter, and that we know nothing at all—that he considers us wrong, and—argal—we are wrong. He also hints delicately the fact that he is an excellent scholar, and in proof thereof favours us with one of those choice scraps of Latin, which have for many a long day done hard duty in the service of penny-aliners, and gone the round, repeatedly, of the provincial press. If he be the scholar he is ambitious of being thought, he must recollect how admirably Plato has described his notions, as he, our correspondent aforesaid, has communicated them to us—

Αἰσῶς μάλα λόγους, δόξαντα ἵνα μάλιστα γένοιτο.

Probably hence his ignorance may be regarded marvellous wisdom by some people. However, his wisdom will not deter us from pursuing our course, and exposing what we esteem to be the absurdities of his faculty. Has our correspondent, who but for his disclaimer, should have reputed one of the "doctores blandi," altogether forgotten his Cicero? We find our consolation in one passage—"Quid me alii loquuntur, ipsi vident; sed loquentur tamen." In sooth, they cannot help it.

CAUSERIE.

It is now considered more than probable that the court will proceed to the late of Wight, there to sojourn for a brief period, immediately after the departure of the King of the French.

It is understood that the Customs House authorities have in contemplation to place officers on board the steamers from the Continent as soon as the vessels arrive at Gravesend, so that the inspection of luggage, &c., may be completed during the passage. The object of this experiment is to prevent the detention of passengers after their arrival, and if it is found to give adequate protection to the revenue, it doubtless will be continued, and be a most important improvement.

Sir Robert Pigot has announced to his tenants his intention of allowing them 20 per cent. on the present year's rental, to meet the losses sustained by the late agricultural improvements.

While the revising barristers were paid so much per day, says the "Durham Chronicle," it required three barristers two days to get through the registration lists for this city; but now that the work is done by contract, one barrister manages to get through the whole in one day. So much for contract *versus* daywork.

At present there are practising in England and Wales 15,000 attorneys. They have contributed, in stamps for their articles, to the revenue 1,500,000; for their certificates 100,000, more, besides their annual licences.

A few nights ago a destructive fire (which is supposed to have been caused by an incendiary) broke out upon the premises of Mr. Parsons, a farmer, at Bramley, near Epsom. In the course of less than an hour a barn filled with barley, a stack of wheat, and a beam-rick were totally consumed.

Saturday evening was the White Fast of the Jewish nation. So strictly is this fast observed by the "ancient people," that during its continuance they partake of no kind of nourishment, not even water. At daybreak the faithfuls of David, over which they wear a white surplice, cloaked in time in fasting and prayer in the synagogue the whole of the day, wearing of the rebellion of the children of Israel, and the consequent dispersion of the twelve tribes.

The following singular and rare (not unique) occurrence has just taken place at the royal aviary, in the Park, at Windsor. A Dorking hen, which has roosted for some time past with the fowls from thence, a week eggs containing double or two distinct yolks. Mr. Walters, the superintendent, determining to try the experiment of attempting to hatch one of these eggs, placed it, with several other eggs of this singular kind, in a cock bird, of the pure Cuckoo-Chin breed, and the other is a hen chick of the Burgundy genus.

The National Gallery is now closed for the vacation, and will not be reopened until the 28th of next month. The Westminster Hall exhibition having also closed, the Museum of Natural History is now the only place open for the gratuitous admission of the public.

The "Courrier Français" states that there are now building in the ancient French port of three ships of the line, nineteen frigates, two brigs, three schooners, and ten transports and store ships, besides six steam frigates, of 450 and 550 horse power, eleven steam corvettes of 250 to 350 horse power, and seven smaller steam ships of 80 to 160 horse power.

The lovers of antiquity will be gratified to learn that the King of Naples, with the view of perpetually preserving the al fresco paintings discovered from the ruins of Pompeii, the lustre of whose colours is known to fade on exposure to the air, has employed artists of the greatest celebrity to imitate them on the walls of his own palace at Naples.

A letter from Rome states that the dispensations of consanguinity necessary for the marriage of the Duke d'Almaule with his cousin, the Princess Caroline of Naples, were signed on the 8th. The Princess and the Duke d'Almaule are both in their twenty-seventh year.

The twelfth session of the Scientific Congress has just finished at Nîmes, after its seventh sitting. The congress voted the following resolutions:—That the Government should be petitioned to grant an irrigation bill; the execution of the laws relating to workmen's *hygiène*; the creation of a special ministry for agriculture; the alleviation of the vicariousness of the position of the *officier de santé*; and the immediate abolition of negro slavery.

Major General Lord F. Fitzclarence, second son of the late king, it is rumored, is likely to succeed Major-General Vyndham in the military command of the Dublin district.

The attempt made by the Italian revolutionists, who had taken refuge at Malta and at Corfu, to enrol bands of adventurers in Alabama, in order to organise another expedition against the Roman states, had, we hear, completely failed.

A letter from Munich states that a company of English capitalists is now there, with the intention of establishing manufactures on a large scale, now called by artists "the great unwashed."—*Punch*.

On Tuesday the Rugby and other mails did not reach the General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand until past seven o'clock, being two hours behind time. Great anxiety was felt on the subject, and on the arrival of the mail it was made known that early in the morning the axle-tree of one of the railway carriages had broken down near Chesterfield, and caused the delay. From inquiries of the passengers, it appears that no bodily injury of moment was sustained by any persons on board.

On Tuesday morning the Archbishop of Canterbury held his triennial altar at St. Dunstons Church, Maidstone. There were present A. B. Hope, Esq., M.P.; Archdeacon Lyndal, and upwards of 100 clergymen. The usual ecclesiastical preliminaries having been arranged, the Archbishop delivered a lengthy and eloquent charge, in the course of which he directed attention to the state of education in this county, and to the prospects of the church generally.

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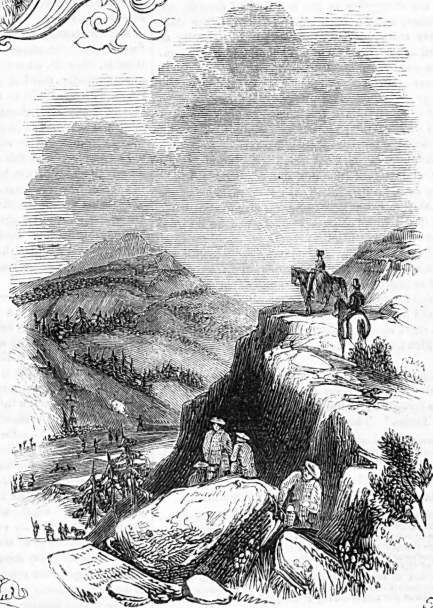
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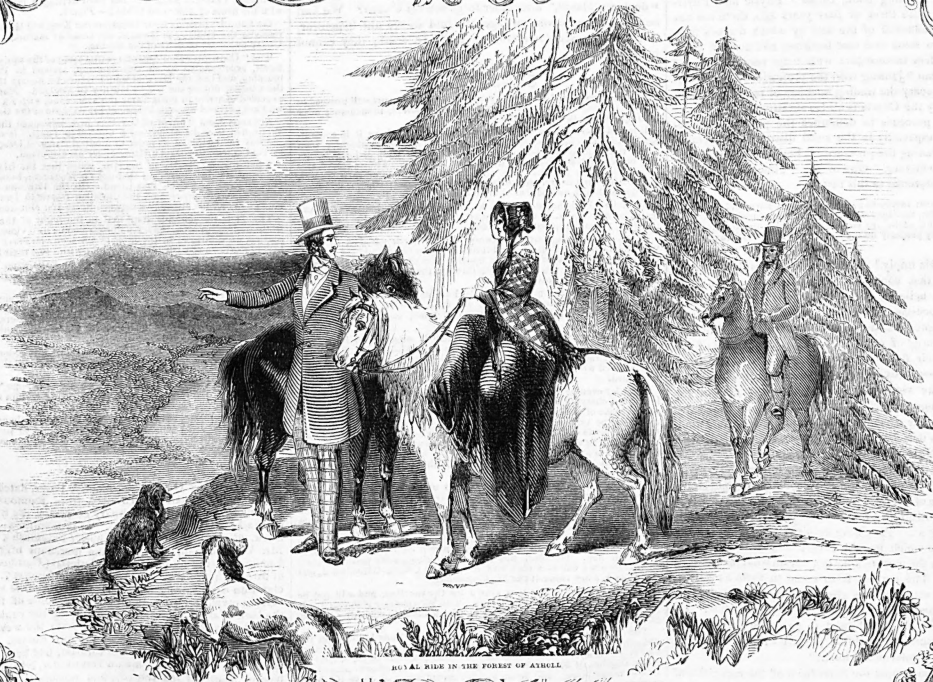
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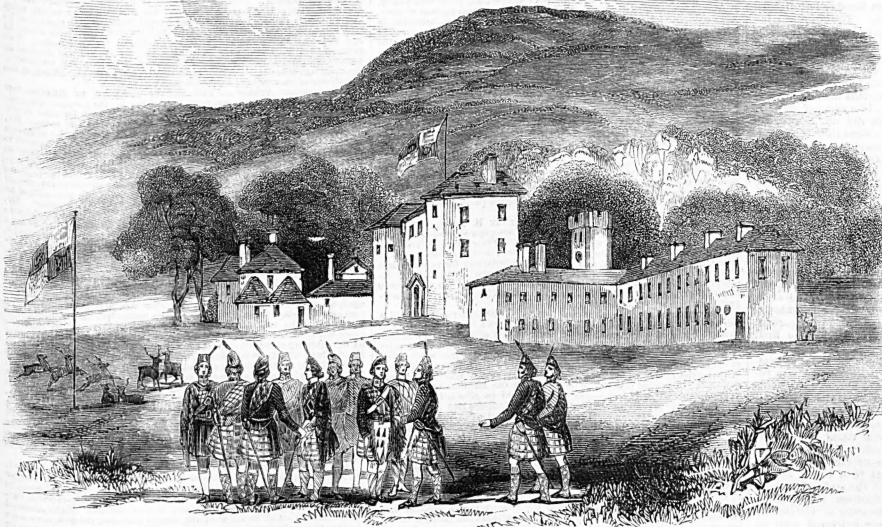
THE HERD OF DEER
DRIVEN UP THE
MOUNTAINS.



THE QUEEN'S ASCENT OF THE
HILL OF HAWES.



ROYAL HUNT IN THE FOREST OF ARDRE.



BLAIR ATHOLL CASTLE. — HER MAJESTY'S BODYGUARD OF HIGHLANDERS.

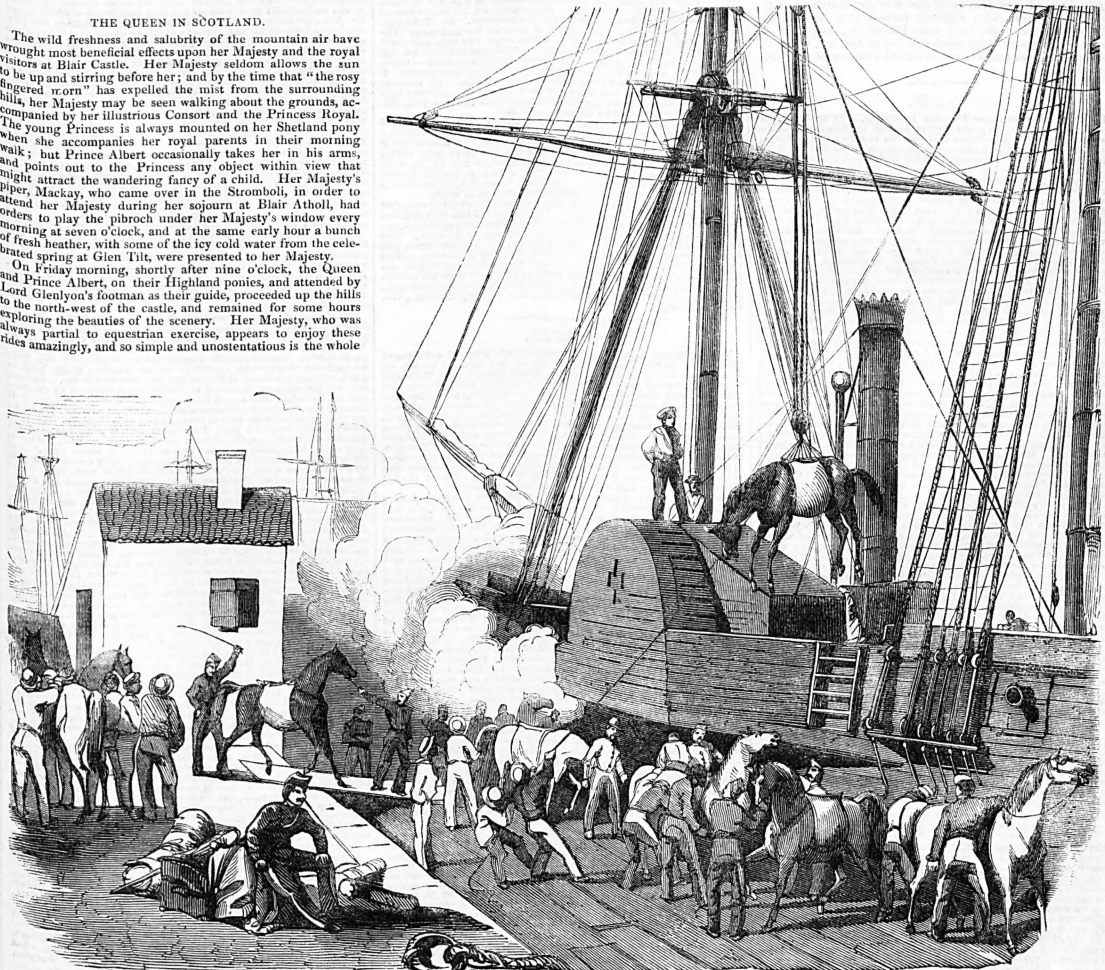
THE QUEEN IN SCOTLAND.

The wild freshness and salubrity of the mountain air have wrought most beneficial effects upon her Majesty and the royal visitors at Blair Castle. Her Majesty seldom allows the sun to be up and stirring before her; and by the time that "the rosy fingered morn" has expelled the mist from the surrounding hills, her Majesty may be seen walking about the grounds, accompanied by her illustrious Consort and the Princess Royal. The young Princess is always mounted on her Shetland pony when she accompanies her royal parents in their morning walk; but Prince Albert occasionally takes her in his arms, and points out to the Princess any object within view that might attract the wandering fancy of a child. Her Majesty's piper, Mackay, who came over in the Stromboli, in order to attend her Majesty during her sojourn at Blair Atholl, had orders to play the pibroch under her Majesty's window every morning at seven o'clock, and at the same early hour a bunch of fresh heather, with some of the icy cold water from the celebrated spring at Glen Tilt, were presented to her Majesty.

On Friday morning, shortly after nine o'clock, the Queen and Prince Albert, on their Highland ponies, and attended by Lord Glenlyon's footman as their guide, proceeded up the hills to the north-west of the castle, and remained for some hours exploring the beauties of the scenery. Her Majesty, who was always partial to equestrian exercise, appears to enjoy these rides amazingly, and so simple and unostentatious is the whole

turn out, that it is difficult to persuade the strangers who come to Atholl to obtain a sight of her Majesty, that the lady in a plain black dress and bonnet, and a shepherd's plaid shawl wrapped round her, mounted on a little ambling grey pony, is the Sovereign with whom ideas of great pomp, state, and splendour have been associated in their minds.

On Saturday morning, Lord Liverpool and the Hon. Mr. Anson were grouse shooting for some hours on the hills behind the Falls of Bruar, and had excellent sport. In the afternoon the Queen went in her pony phaeton, drawn by four white ponies, up the Glen of Tilt to the forester's lodge. The Highland ponies had been previously sent to the lodge for the use of her Majesty and the Prince; but his Royal Highness was tempted to try a shot at the deer, which were very shy, and he found it, after some time, impossible to come within range, and relinquished the attempt. Meantime the Queen, attended by a single guide, ascended the steep and rocky hill near the termination of the glen, and on the left of the forester's lodge, called Cairn Chiselman, on the Hill of Hawks. Her Majesty, attended by a single servant, commenced ascending by the pass of Lachlass, and in little more than half an hour had gained the summit. From here the Queen looked down upon the Prince and his companions, who were deer-stalking in the valley beneath. The view from the top of this hill is of great extent, stretching on the north-east through openings in the Grampian range, over the barren plains of Braemar into Aberdeenshire. On the south, across the glen, are the



SHIPMENT OF FRENCH WAR HORSES AT ALGIERES.

lofty hills of Ben y Gloe and Ben y Vraici; while lying stretched out at the feet of Loch Phaeig, Loch Loch, Lochaine, and other smaller lakes, which feed the waters of the hill pouring down at the bottom of the glen towards the bridge of Athol, which was considerably enhanced by the clearness and transparency of the atmosphere, and remained for some time on the hill, viewing it from different points. The royal party returned to the castle at half-past six o'clock. The Prince did not succeed in killing a single deer.

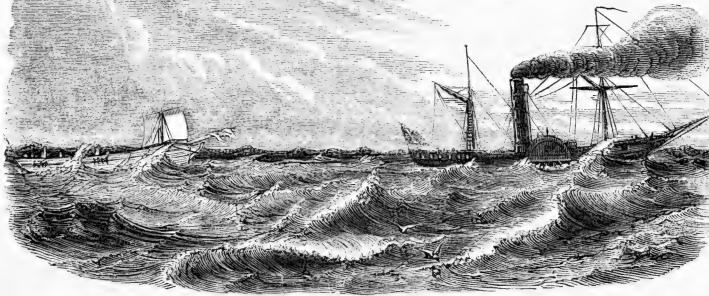
and expressed his regret at the prisoner's dishonesty. Amongst the articles found by the police at the prisoner's lodgings were several spoons with the crests erased; a gold pencil-case, a shawl of Lady Dillon's, and other small articles of value. The court sentenced him to transportation for seven years.

POLICE.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

EFFECTS OF THE LATE STORM.

The steam-ship *Leeds*, which arrived at Hull from Hamburg on Friday night, the 20th ult., fell in on Wednesday afternoon, the 28th, between the Elbe and Heligoland, with the American barque *Massencombe*, of Newburyport, from Havana, at anchor and dismasted, and towed her safely into Cuxhaven. A very flattering letter of thanks was addressed by the passengers in the *Leeds* to Captain Nowle, and most respectfully signed, expressing their admiration of his intrepidity and humanity. An artist passing at the moment sends a sketch of the scene, which we transfer to our pages.



THE LEEDS STEAMER TOWING THE AMERICAN BARQUE MASSENCOMBE INTO CUXHAVEN.

FOREIGN ARTS.

THE FRENCH SCHOOL, No. I.

Whatever be the faults and deficiencies of the French school, it is impossible to shut our eyes upon the fact, that it is a school with larger aims and purposes than those of our own. It may fail in accomplishing its ends; but it has at least the merit of having definite purposes, and pursuing them with determination and vigour. Nor have we, unfortunately, at the present moment, any right to exalt the colour of our school at the expense of that of French art, while we grudgingly admit the superior excellence of its drawing. It is true that this last is a prime feature in the French school; but it is far from being their only one. At the present moment they are essentially a school of colour, and to all intents and purposes as much so as ourselves. The colour of such a painter—the pen had almost forgotten itself and written “master”—as Eugene Delacroix, might challenge the very best of our own colourists; and there are but few amongst us that we could dare place in comparison with Horace Vernet, or balance with Delacroix. Even the purer and more classic Ingres is a refined and delicious colourist; and if he be destitute of the fluent and gorgeous melody of the richer class of tone, is not without a delicate sensibility for the tenderer if more frigid harmonies of the palette. It is not to be denied that, with all these men, as well as with Ziegler, Signol, Schmetz, &c., &c., and a painter whom I relish more than any of them, M. Ary Scheffer, the outline is the great reunity. The iron drawing of David's school has left its trace and print upon their canvasses. But this has not prevented them from becoming colourists, and in some instances—Delacroix is perhaps the strongest one—colourists of a very voluptuous order. But all these names are names culled from the ranks of those who have entered the lists of painting to contend for her first prizes. With one exception, and that only a partial one, they are hardy and resolute followers of the epic in art; and if not all entitled to take place by the side of the great middle age masters, have at any rate the right to claim a place amongst the most distinguished of those eclectic followers latter art has produced them—more especially, perhaps, the second, third, and fourth named artists, who represent the two extremes of the French epic school, with the attempted *posté milieu* of Delacroix.

Nor is it alone in this class of art that France has made so high a progress. In portrait painting and in landscape painting there is the same evidence of active and persevering intelligence at work. Champaigne, Winterhalter, and Dubufe are men to place beside the very best of our academical manufacturers of portrait, if not, indeed, somewhat before any of them, excepting Grant, Rossetti, or Mrs. Carpenter; while even upon the water the French school promises great master, whom it has a legitimate right to be no less proud of than of man whom, at the same moment, it may fairly compare with our own Stanfield and Turner.

Gudin is, without a single exception, the greatest master of his class whom France has ever produced. It is not simply as one of the greatest painters of his day that he will be remembered, but as the first and single national example of such excellence. It would be impossible to doubt, in examining his style, that it has been impregnated with much of Turner; but it would be as impossible to doubt that it is the style of a thoroughly original mind, interpreting the excellence of which it avails itself after its own fashion, and relying for its own power upon its own translation of nature. Were England like the rest of Europe, it would not be necessary to introduce such a painter formally to general notice. Belgium, Austria, Russia, &c., in a word, all Europe, know the painter well, and all of these countries possess many of his works. With us, however, the case is different. We had the Destruction of the Kent amongst us once. It was exhibited in London; and, naturally enough, it might have been supposed that we should have found means to retain such a masterpiece amongst us; but it is now in the possession of the Prince Demidoff, and forms one of the prime ornaments of that nobleman's fine collection of modern paintings. Like Turner, the great characteristic of Gudin is the fine and various feeling which he entertains for atmospheric beauty. There is scarcely a phase of nature which he has not sooner or later painted. If you stroll into his studio, you will perhaps find a score of canvases there in various degrees of completion, and yet not one of them shall be a reproduction of an effect which you can charge upon the painter's previous toil, nor shall any one of them repeat the formula or fashion of another. Here you will have a sunrise on the coast of Africa, and a fine strange bit of savage scenery it is. Over the heavy green grey of the wave rises the torn and broken mares of gorgeous clouds, through which the lone and yellow rays of the sun are struggling. How eccentric yet how vigorous a work it is. Here again you have an early morning bathed in white light. It is the coast of Carthage, with the fleet all pale and calm. The eye reposes on it with pleasure after the other. Here is a moonlight; here a glorious sunset; and here a burning noon; and

here a battle—all treated with a power as charming as it is various. But while Gudin emulates Turner in the wizard power with which that master translates space, air, and sunshine in the bounding limits of so small a canvass, he is far from that deficiency in the more popular requisites of hand and detail which that master now lacks so desperately. Indeed, the execution of Gudin is no mean portion of his strength. Bold and vigorous as it is, it is singularly free from pretension, and is admirably and sedulously complete. In the firm and powerful making out of material detail it is as masculine as Stanfield, while it possesses to an incomparably greater extent that pleasant caprice and whim of line, which almost makes us fancy that the very brush felt under the hands of the master who guided it.

My reason for next characterising the style and position of M. Ary Scheffer in the French school, is not so much his absolute rank in it, although that is very high, as the liking which I have for the character of that sentiment which he infuses into his paintings. To a certain extent he is less severe in his formulations than Ingres, and yet he belongs to the same section of the French school as that painter. His outline is more chaste, and his colour more staid than those of such painters as Vernet, Delacroix, or even Delacroix. The greater has comparatively done little for the reputation of Scheffer. But those things which it has perpetuated are singularly beautiful.

Such are the two melancholy figures of Mignon, that fine embodiment of the passionate shadows of Francesca Rimini and her lover, and the exquisite pathos and power of that feeling and pure Christus Consolator, which is one of the very best productions of modern art.

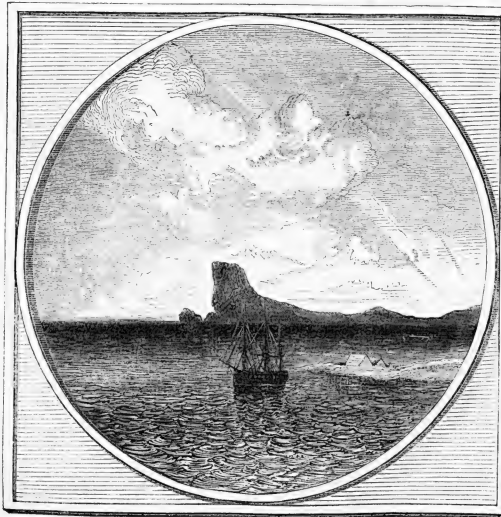
Against Scheffer, if we wished to follow out the comparison of the French school with our own, we should have no name to advance, so peculiar is his sentiment. It is true that this sentiment is procured by means which should not be considered as the most wholesome possible. There is a tendency to refine his figures into a finished and meagre character, and destroy their health in the endowment of thought and sentiment with which he gifts them. Yet, however it is done, the effect is produced, and there is depth of feeling and thought in Scheffer's worn and healthless heads. Not, however, that it is ever thus, although something like fleshly pining generally accompanies his intention. I have seen a portrait in his own salon, which was one of the most exquisite pieces of portrait art I have ever seen. Nothing could be more perfectly beautiful than the delicacy of tone and colour. It was like an exquisite harmony played upon an instrument, which would not admit of violent contrasts or strong oppositions; and the head itself was treated with wonderful beauty. It was age; but that kind of age which is lovely in spite of years, and their inevitable and wearing mark. The figure which is here stolen from the painter is taken from an unfinished painting of Margaret and her Child seen by Faust and the Tempter; but the sketch can give but a painfully impotent idea of the beauty of that strange and heedless figure absorbed in the thought of its babe. The statue-like and deathly whiteness is in strange contrast with the figures which fill up the picture—the living and eager Faust with the devilish Mephistophiles. The style of Scheffer's hand is various: sometimes, as in the Episode from the Greek War for Freedom, now in the Gallery of Modern Paintings at the Luxembourg, it is loose and reckless, to the very verge of carelessness. And again, as in the two last named paintings, it betrays a refined care and purity which cannot be surpassed. Its general character is, however, want of pretension—that best of all characteristics which the brush can have. C. R.



MARGUERITE.

MOROCCO CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.—An avicious butcher, who had enriched himself by selling “kehila” (fried meat), was determined to increase his gains by the more simple method of receipts without expenditure. With a view he nightly inveigled into his house a woman of exceptional character, who was immediately assassinated, cooked, and disposed of the following day as “kehila.” His wife, who witnessed these nightly murders, apprehending a similar fate, went to the pacha and denounced her husband. He was soon judged and condemned. A boiler full of water was placed over a fierce fire before his shop door, which soon reached boiling temperature. The executioner then dragged the criminal to his own block, still stained with the blood of his numerous victims, and chopping off his hands, threw them into the cauldron, which, when boiled, were given to the numerous bands of hungry dogs which had been assembled for that purpose. In the same way his feet and legs were disposed of, until loss of blood terminated his life, and with it this appalling and barbarous justice.

WOOTTON BASSETT.—THE ALLOTMENT SYSTEM.—In Wootton Bassett, allotments of land are let out to the cottagers to a large extent, Earl Clarendon having directed his agent at various times to apportion as much as one hundred acres for that purpose. His lordship also pays the poor rates himself, and receives from the poor a very moderate rent—holding out a most noble example to those who have it in their power to promote the comforts of the labouring classes. It must be gratifying to the noble earl to know that, at this moment, each of his industrious cottage tenants is housing, with infinite satisfaction and gratitude, his two or three sacks of wheat and ten or twelve of potatoes, to gladden the hearts of his wife and family during the coming winter. Half an acre of ground will supply a large family with vegetables of every kind for a whole year, and put a good stock of bacon on the shelf besides; nor do the advantages to be derived from the system end by filling the poor man with food. It makes him a better man in every point of view.



DAYBREAK.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

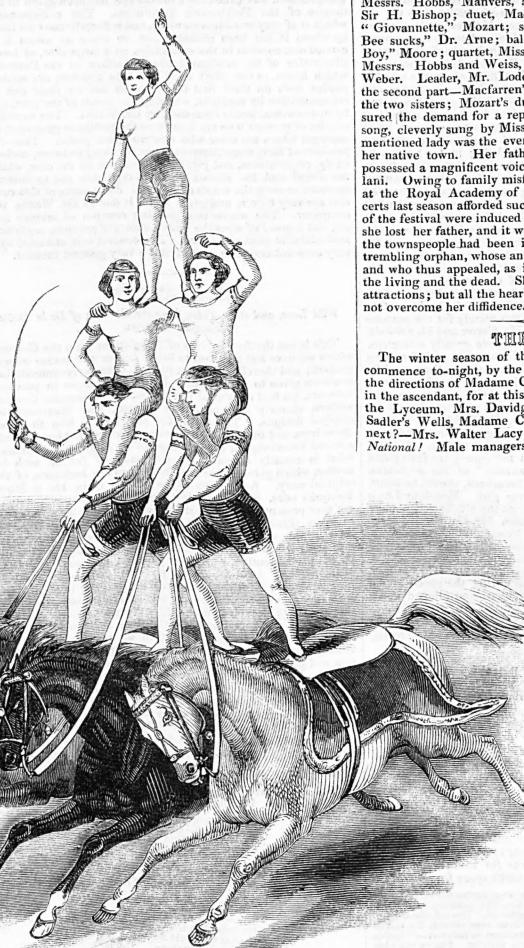
There was a larger attendance on Tuesday morning at the cathedral than had been anticipated. The raised gallery vaulting the orchestra and the aisles were well filled, but the unnumbered and reserved seats did not display a full complement of visitors. The corporation arrived in state, and the dean, with his family, was present, as well as the Honourable Granville Berkeley and other fashionable amateurs. Much has been written against these musical meetings in sacred edifice and the popular preachers at Cheltenham have preached, later, very strenuously against the custom. The sermon, therefore, of the Rev. F. T. J. Bayley, the vicar of Brookthorpe and Whaddon, was chiefly directed to the defence of the practice. The reverend gentleman made out his case from scriptural authority, logically and conclusively. His discourse was not a laboured oratorical effort, but a quiet and seasonable appeal to the judgment of his congregation. In some passages I took higher ground, and was felicitous where it associated the sublime in music with the true spirit of religion. It was pleasing to watch the effect of the music on the humble operative from Birmingham; they seemed startled with the massive harmonies when Handel thundered forth; and when the more quiet but touching appeal in Boyce's anthem on behalf of the poor and fatherless was heard, many a hard and rough-featured man was not ashamed to weep. A more devotional auditory was never collected; it was impossible that anybody could be a worse Christian by such solemn appeals through the agency of sweet sounds.

The service opened with Handel's Overture to "Esther," which is usually selected at festivals. It was effectively executed by the band. After the first lesson, Handel's "Te Deum," composed for the Dettingen victory, was given. This matinee production is always performed at the feast of the Sons of the Clergy at St. Paul's, for which the great drums destroyed at the fire in the Tower were put in requisition. The "Te Deum" has been heard with larger orchestras than the one here, but here was force enough to render it justice. Indeed, a well-selected band and chorus of 300 performers suffices for all legitimate purposes. The most experienced musicians are of opinion that, after a given number of voices and instruments, the effects are destroyed. The burst of praise to the Lord from the band and chorus was electrical. Pope's lines were recalled to the mind—

Strong in new arms, lo! giant
Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus with his hundred
hands
To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul,
He comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow
Mars's drums.

Boyce's anthem, "Blessed is He," and his elegant duet, "Here shall soft Charity," were graceful contrasts to the fire and vehemence of Handel. Dr. Boyce (born in 1710) was contemporary with the great master-mind; but, as Dr. Burley has justly remarked, was one of the few church composers who neither pillaged nor servilely imitated Handel. After the sermon, one of Handel's four coronation anthems, "The King shall rejoice," concluded the service. Here and there were occasional hitches, but, on the whole, the choral portion went very steadily, when the trebles did come out, their voices penetrated through the cathedral, creating a thrilling sensation. The labour of the wind instruments fell heavily on the trumpets, and Harper and his colleagues Irwin, despite of the easterly winds, so annoying for the lips, were in great force. Their duets were admirable, and in all the soli Harper's reputation, after the wear and tear of many years, stood its ground as an unrivalled artist. He has been lately in Paris, and his non-brassy, or if the expression may be used, oily tone astonished the Parisian players of that difficult instrument. Grattan Cooke's services in the oboe passages of sacred music are invaluable. Handel threw much responsibility on the oboe performers, clarionets not being in his time in use. The grand and strongly accented phrases allotted so often by Handel to the basses told finely, albeit they numbered but a dozen. In the soli, Miss M. B. Hawes, Manvers, and Machin distinguished themselves. The fixed attention of the auditory during the morning found a vent at the close of the service, and on all sides expressions of delight were heard. The collection at the cathedral doors amounted to 115*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, being 30*l.* more than on the first day of the last festival.

The concert at the Shire Hall (as is usually the case on the first evening) was thinly attended, despite of the powerful attraction of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the cast of which was thus distributed:—*Galatea*, Madame Caradori; *Nymphs*, Miss Barrett; *Acis*, Mr. Manvers; *Polyphemus*, Mr. Machin. The second part of the concert was as follows:—Overture (*Andante*), Cherubini; ballad, Miss M. B. Hawes, "O chide me not," Miss M. B.



THE FIVE OLYMPIANS AT ASLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

Hawes; aria, Mr. Weiss, "La Cabennia," Rossini; "In questo semple," Madame Caradori Allan, Donizetti; solo, violoncello, Mr. Lindley; duet, the Misses Williams, "Two merry Gipsies," Macfarren; ballad, Mr. Hobbs, "The Soldier's Daughter," Knight; fantasia pianoforte, Miss C. Weller.



THE CLOWN'S FEAT ON THE THAMES.

Thalberg; quintet, Miss M. Williams, Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs, Manvers, and Weiss, "Blow gentle Gales," Sir H. Bishop; duet, Madame Caradori and Mr. Machin, "Giovannette," Mozart; song, Miss Barrett, "Where the Bee sucks," Dr. Arne; ballad, Miss Hawes, "The Mistletoe Boy," Moore; quartet, Miss A. Williams, Miss H. B. Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs and Weiss, "Over the Dark Blue Waters," Weber. Leader, Mr. Loder. There were three encores in the second part—Macfarren's pretty duet, charmingly sung by the two sisters; Mozart's duo, in which Candor's *Figaro* is sure the demand for a repetition; and Dr. Arne's exquisite song, cleverly sung by Miss Barrett. The *debut* of the last-mentioned lady was the event of the evening. Gloucester is her native town. Her father was formerly in the choir, and possessed a magnificent voice that attracted the notice of Catalani. Owing to family misfortunes, Miss Barrett was entered at the Royal Academy of Music as a pupil, and at the concert last season afforded such great promise, that the managers of the festival were induced to engage her. It is not long since she lost her father, and it would have been strange, indeed, if the townspeople had been indifferent to the reception of the trembling orphan, whose ancestors lie buried in the cloisters, and who thus appealed, as it were, to their sympathy through the living and the dead. She possesses considerable personal attractions; but all the hearty cheering of the audience could not overcome her diffidence.

THEATRES.

The winter season of the London theatres may be said to commence to-night, by the opening of the *Adelphi*, "under the directions of Madame Celeste." The petticoat is certainly in the ascendant, for at this moment we have Mrs. Keeley at the Lyceum, Mrs. Davidge at the Surrey, Mrs. Warner at Sadler's Wells, Madame Celeste at the Adelphi, and—what next?—Mrs. Walter Lacy at the City, now christened the *National*! Male managers are evidently at a discount—the ladies have things all their own way; but we have the consolation of knowing that up to this time there has been no cause for regretting such a state of things. Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Davidge have succeeded to a miracle, and we hope Madame Celeste will be no less fortunate. Her company boasts many old favourites, and her bills promise a succession of new pieces. Mrs. Yates, we are happy to see, gives her useful help, with Mrs. Fitzwilliam, Miss Woolgar, and Messieurs, the old Adelphi peculiars, O'Smith, Paul Bedford, Wright, and Hudson. The "properties" have also been overhauled. "The theatre," says the fair speculatress, "during the recess, has been entirely repainted and decorated, the boxes so arranged as to give a perfect view of the stage, and ventilation secured (a most essential point) throughout the theatre. A new chandelier in glass has been introduced at considerable expense, also a new curtain and a new act drop, designed and painted by Mr. C. Marshall." Such are the promises. May they be fulfilled, and the fulfilment be appreciated.

On Monday the *HAYMARKET* opens its doors with the same company who kept it alive during the last long season. The novelties are to be a revived comedy, a comic drama, and a popular farce. Mr. Webster will have his hands full now that the Adelphi responsibilities are to be added to those of the Haymarket. However, he is a clever man, an active man, and a successful man, and has, doubtless, warily calculated his chances; at least, he is sure of good wishes. Monday, too, is to see Mr. Bunn begin again. His object is still opera and ballet—throats and legs! In his list of tenors we find Duprez, Harrison, and D. W. King, who will be recollected as having sung lately at the Surrey. Amongst the basses are Bottani, Stretton, and Burdini. For buffos we are to have Mr. Harley, an excellent droll, but no singer; for soprani, Madame Balfe, Miss Rainforth, Miss Romer, Miss Poole, and last, not worst, Madame Anna P'hillon. Amongst the musical novelties we are promised Auber's last work, *La Sirene*, and new operas by Balfe and Benedetti. Several new dancers are also to try their fortune on the boards of Drury. On Wednesday next the *PRINCESS* begins the season. Mr. Loder is here to give us another proof of his capabilities as a composer. So much for the promises of the coming week; now for the performances of the past one. ASLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE has had a new attraction, in consequence of an aquatic feat so novel as to deserve illustration. Mr. Barry, one of the clowns, had announced his intention of sailing from Vauxhall to Westminster in a washing-tub drawn by four geese, and on Monday he did it. The crowd assembled to

